

The Corsair.

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THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Dear Corsair,

I was talking the other night with a friend of mine, who is a distinguished Member of seventeen learned bodies, and President of "the Society for the diffusion of Gumption;" and the said friend made some very severe remarks upon the indifference which he thinks you evince to the grand march of intellect which characterises the age, and for which our country is so especially distinguished. My friend, who is a great utilitarian in his way, blamed you for not falling in with and furthering any of the grand schemes of moral and intellectual improvement which are rife in the land. I told him, to be sure, that there were many ways of doing good, and that the earth was as often refreshed by the quiet dew that noiselessly invigorates its bosom, as by the shower that beats down and "lodges" the grain, or the tornado which racks the forest while driving off its miasma. But he only replied by saying that people to do good must couple themselves with some "movement" or other. The march of intellect was onward, and they who wished to guide its course must do so by going in the advance, and not by sitting on the hill-tops and pointing out where people had gone safely before, and whither they might still go to advantage. In reply to some of his positions I could find nothing better to quote than the following fable which, if you have not before published, you will oblige me by finding room for. You need not commit yourself in the least to its unpopular moral, for it is clever enough to be relished even by those who may not like the application.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR:—A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get to the door."—*Sterne*.

I.

'Tis strange what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers,—
But there are many shallow politicians
Who take their bias from bewilder'd journals,
Turn state-physicians,
And make themselves foolscaps of the diurnals.

II.

One of this kind—not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed,
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
And Man a Tyrant over all his breed.
He could not read
Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourished thoughts that threw him into fevers,
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,
To sever chains vexatious:
In fact he thought that all his injured line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
Till they had clear'd a road to Freedom's shrine—
Unless perchance the turn-pike men should stop 'em.

III.

Full of this rancour,
Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look-in at the Crown and Anchor,
Where certain solemn Sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wild world of its chains,
Pluck Despots down
And thereby crown
Whitee- as well as Blackee-man cipation.

Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gazed with pride upon the Liberators;
To see mere coal-heavers
Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small Publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal license,—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
The whole thing seem'd
So fine, he deem'd
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

IV.

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,
And striding with a step that seem'd design'd
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclined—
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confin'd,
And free-born animal, in durance vile,—
A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey-bile;

V.

The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar—
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in
Unnoticed in the din
Of tuneless throats that made the attic ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;
For, like the Jews,
Wild beasts refuse
In midst of their captivity to sing.

VI.

Lord how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this Brute-Bastile,
And see the King of creatures in—a safe!
The desert's denizen, in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills,—
A Bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful Porcupine, with all its quills
Imprison'd in a pen!
A Tiger limited to four feet ten;
And, still worse lot!
A Leopard to one spot!
An Elephant enlarged,
But not discharged,
(It was before the Elephant was shot,)
A doleful Wanderow,* that wander'd not;
An Ounce much disproportioned to his pound.—
Pug's wrath wax'd hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round,
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

VII.

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes—Vultures—Owls—
In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop:
Here sat an Eagle forced to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there aloof,
A pining Ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills:
And cramped in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation—
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share;
To see those winged fowls that once had been
Free as the wind,—no freer than fix'd air.

* Wanderow—a sort of Baboon.

VIII.

His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird-Cage Walk at last descended
Unto the Lion and the Elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all Nature's Free List thus suspended,
And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
They could not even prey
In their own way;
A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious.
Thus he revolved—
And soon resolved
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

IX.

That night, there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales, to view the Lion and his kin.
The keeper's eyes were fixed upon a saw;
The saw was fixed upon a bullock's shin;
Meanwhile, with stealthy paw,
Pug hastened to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within—
Now, Monarch of the Forest! thou shalt win
Precious Enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone—
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature,
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee!
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's Ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hornsey Forest, and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
And gobble parish watchmen after dark—
Methinks I see thee with the early lark
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(thy cave)—Alas,
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas for Freedom, and for Freedom's hero!
Alas for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero bolted him!

THE EATING LAWYERS AT LINCOLN'S INN.

The profession of the law is eminently a gastronomic profession: it is not, therefore, surprising that it should have become the profession that it is, and have expanded into a plethoric and almost apoplectic robustness. The judges are feasted by the mayors of cities and boroughs, a particular banquet being peculiarly appropriated to them by the Lord Mayor of London, in the Egyptian Hall; they are banqueted as well by the nobility on their several circuits—the members of the bar have general invitations to the assizes, balls, and suppers; and mess on circuit very socially together,—while in town the terms are worthily opened by a breakfast to the judges and Queen's Counsel—legal as well as military battles being contested more hotly upon a full than on an empty stomach.

But this is a small portion, very small indeed, of the gastronomic powers of the law.

In his respective hall, the youthful aspirant for barristerial honours eats, year after year, his impatient way to the bar, exactly as an active rat fixes his persevering tusks in one side of an old Cheshire, and never leaves off until he goes right through it, poking his proboscis through the rind on the other side. In their respective halls, barristers, in like manner, eat their tedious way to a colonial judgeship, or attorney-generalship of the Cannibal Islands, a revising barristership, a commissionership of any thing else, or in short, whatever they can by any possibility lay their hands on.

Let the hypothetical reader suppose what is, indeed, the only supposable case, that Mr. Timothy Two-to-one, the opulent pawnbroker of Holborn bars, having made one son a surgeon, another an attorney, a third a clergyman, is lost in doubt as to the occupation to be provided for the fourth and youngest hope of the family of Two-to-one. Many people wonder, indeed, that one of the sons is not to be brought up to the pawnbroking line, with such a splendid business to step into when old Two-to-one is changed into a cherubim—I say people wonder; but let me take the liberty of asking people what is it to them? You may be surprised yourself, that none of the young Two-to-ones is to succeed old Two-to-one; let me take the liberty of asking what's that to you? The fact is, inquisitive reader, old Two-to-one has made so much money that he is obliged to bring his money to the Bank in a coal-scuttle, and Mrs. Two-to-one having been, at a less propitious period of her life, under-house-keeper in a gentleman's family, the pair have come to the resolution of performing a miracle, by metamorphosing pawnbrokers' whelps into real genuine thoroughbred gentlemen, cost what it will—or as old Two-to-one, in all the pride of a bloated pocket, observes, slapping his corpulent thigh, “the genteel thing for Two-to-one, and never mind the expense!” Accordingly, one day at dinner in the back shop of old Two-to-one in Holborn bars, Frederick-William, the as yet unappropriated offspring of “my uncle,” having solicited for the fourth time some more “toad in the hole,”* the amazed mother of the voracious son of “my uncle” thus addresses the ravenous Frederick-William.

“Crikey, Fred! I'm afeared of yer burstin' yerself. Don't mind him no more—d'y'e hear, Timmy, dear!”

“I say, mother, don't be a-comin' it so werry strong. I ain't had more nor a pound and a half or so of wittels, father lays the pudding on so werry thick,” was the dissatisfied reply of Frederick William, holding out his plate for more.

Toad in the hole. Beef-steaks laid in a pie-dish on a substratum of batter-pudding and sent to the baker's—a Cockney entable of great and deserved celebrity.

“Blowed if I doesn't think yer'd make a good lawyer, Fred, yer tucks in sich a reggler blow-out!” was the sage remark of the father of the Two-to-ones.

“Blest if he wouldn't eat his wig!” remarked the eldest hope of the Two-to-ones, who, by virtue of his seniority, thought he had a right to be extra facetious.

“Or a child out of the small-pox,” observed the surgeon.

“Or a man on horseback,” said the attorney.

“Or a mystified monkey, stuffed with straw,” resumed the elder Two-to-one.

“Or a physis of fish-hooks,” remarked the surgeon.

“Or the sunny side of a donkey,” echoed the attorney, determined not to be outdone by his brethren.

“Or a hackney coachman stuffed with twelvepenny nails,” reiterated the elder Two-to-one, amid the laughing of the whole family.

“Or a barbecued wild cat with”—here the current of the surgeon's wit was diverted into the ocean of business, by the irruption of an apparition of the pawnbroker's boy, in slippers and shirt, with a smoothing-iron in his hand, which, duly presenting to Mr. Two-to-one—

“Here's a gal in the shop what wants to spout that 'ere flat-iron,” observed the juvenile apparition.

“How much on it?” enquired “my uncle,” scrutinizing the flat-iron with profound attention, and shaking it well, to see if the handle was loose.

“A tanner,” said the ghostling in reply.

“Half a tizzy,” said Mrs. Two-to-one, indicating in her peculiar phraseology that the girl might receive one fourth of her demand, or threepence instead of a shilling, on the security of her flat-iron.

“Bundle, Fred, and make out the gal's ticket,” observed the father of the young gentleman, who, after several unsuccessful efforts, got off his chair at last, snorting like a walrus, and bundled into the front shop in obedience to the paternal injunction.

“I knows this 'ere flat-iron this four year,” observed “my uncle,” taking up his old acquaintance: “the old gal as owns it gets a livin' by washin' o' sodgers' shirts, and spouts this 'ere harticle venever them seven brats what she's got begins at her for bread. She's always werry bad off ven she spots her flat-iron.”

“That's vy I cuts her down to threepence, deary,” interrupted Mrs. Two-to-one, with a wink at her better half. “I knows as how she can't get her livin' without that 'ere, so the littler she gets she comes the oftener.”

While Frederick-William was making out the gal's ticket for the flat-iron in the front shop, the thought flashed like lightning through the mind of “my uncle,” that Frederick-William would make a splendid Lord High Chancellor of England; and, as it was considered in these our days, though by no means indispensably necessary in the olden time, that that functionary should previously be called to the bar, it was inwardly resolved by the father of the Two-to-ones that Frederick-William should, with all imaginable speed, be qualified, by a call to the bar, for the honourable and influential station of the woolsack. In his cogitations upon this subject, it never entered the old usurer's head to enquire, whether his son was fit for the profession of the law—whether he would like the profession of the law—or whether he would have the remotest glimmering of success at the profession of the law; all that he thought upon the subject was, that it would be a fine thing for him to be able to see Fred the lawyer's speeches reported in the newspapers, and to be able to get so many franks when Freddy would be in the House of Lords doing a snug business as Lord High Chancellor.

I am the less surprised at the selfish turn which the ambitious cogitations of the veteran pawnbroker took upon this occasion, inasmuch as nine out of every ten elderly gentlemen whose sons suck their thumbs like young bears in the purlieus of the Temple and Westminster Hall, with grey mares' tails (not paid for) stuck upon the outside of their heads, have been brought to this deplorable condition by a train of reflection precisely similar in selfishness and folly to the train of reflection that dictated the final determination of “my uncle.” This final determination, which was nothing less than the elevation of son Freddy to the woolsack, was communicated to Mrs. Two-to-one that very identical night in bed, where the old couple laid their noses together and settled the matter to their mutual satisfaction. Mrs. Two-to-one confirming by her approval the resolution of her spouse, for several reasons replete with maternal wisdom and affection, but especially because it would *rez* old Balls, the other rich pawnbroker of Holborn bars, who had purchased a commission in a marching regiment for his son, Mr. Fitzstephen-Augustus Balls, and whose *hodium* daughters, as Miss Seraphina Two-to-one called them, were perpetually handing round Holborn bars bundles of perfumed letters received by them from their brother Haugustus the officer!

“It would cut their livers out,” Mrs. Two-to-one classically remarked, “to think that my son Freddy is for to come for to go to be a barrystir at the law, and for to sit on the Lord Chancellor's woolpack without never payin' a sixpence, as his mother had for to pay—bless him! Vell, Timmy dear, who'd a ever a thort it that our Fred would a cum to sichin a 'igh sitivation; and as for them hodious Ballses over the way, what takes in stolen goods or any thing, for my part, I must have my say out—I can't a bear 'em!”

How much more Mrs. Two-to-one might have said upon the subject of her son Freddy, the odious Ballses, or the honourable profession of the law, it is utterly impossible for me to say; her oration being suspended for that evening by the involuntary performance of a solo on his natural trombone by her lord and master, which indicated that gentlemen's utter unconsciousness of all that his better-half had been talking about for the last three quarters of an hour.

The peripatetic reader will have the politeness to walk with Mr. Frederick-William Two-to-one and myself down Holborn into Chancery Lane, and thence turning to the right under a Gothic gateway to the Steward's office in Lincoln's Inn, where Mr. Two-to-one has finally decided to enter his name, on purpose to commencing the gastronomic course of study, for which, as we have seen, by his performances upon the “toad in the hole,”

that young gentleman was so admirably qualified. The Temple was at first selected as the Inn which was to have the honour of employing its cooks in the service of young Two-to-one; but it being happily ascertained from one of the waiters at Lincoln's Inn, who was a friend of the family, that the dinners were more plentiful, and the wine twice as strong there as at the Temple, the destination of the youthful aspirant was immediately changed, with the full approbation and consent of the pawnbroker and his wife, who wisely observed that their son "could tuck in a pretty good lot, and they saw no reason in life why they should not have full value for their money."

As the usual preliminary to being admitted a regular customer of the great eating-house of Lincoln's Inn, all aspirants for that high honour are required to produce to the Steward of the Inn a medical certificate of their digestive powers, the form whereof, for the use and benefit of all future applicants, I hereafter insert:—

"We, the undersigned, having duly and solemnly examined Mr. Frederick-William Two-to-one on two several occasions, the examination of the first day being confined to roast pork and pickled salmon, that of the second to baked mackerel and fried liver with bacon, do certify, under our several hands and wafers, that Mr. Frederick-William Two-to-one is in full possession of his digestive powers, and a proper person to be admitted of this Inn, for the purpose of gutting his way to the bar.

(Signed)

"A. B., M. D., L.S.

"C. D., M.R.C.S., L.S.

"E. F., M.A.C., L.S."

If the candidate for admission happens to be in possession of a testimonial from Cartwright the dentist as to the condition of his teeth, more especially the incisors and molars, he will not be a whit the worse for it.

The next little matter to be attended to in the Steward's office is to give security for the victuals and drink that you are expected to devour, or what Doctor O'Toole very emphatically calls the "ating and the drinking;" and this was done in the case of young Two-to-one, as in every other case, by the deposit of a hundred pounds—I should rather say by the sacrifice of one hundred pounds, because, although at the time of payment it is called a deposit, it becomes, in the course of the "ating and drinking," a lien in the hands of the Benchers, and is generally taken out by the young lawyer in grub. The Benchers very naturally look for this security, knowing that if they were to find roast legs of impenetrable mutton and bottles of red-hot port on their own responsibility, the whole town would hasten to the Inn to do them honour, and all London become but one gigantic lawyer. Accordingly, for fear of accidents, and lest the young student should drop off in an apoplexy, or choke himself with the backbone of a baked mackerel, as often happens, care is taken that the parents, friends, or guardians of the youth shall be made responsible for the damage—so that at the present time Lincoln's Inn is the only eating-house in London where the customers pay in advance.

The preliminaries being now arranged satisfactorily, and security given in the usual form that all the grub to be eaten would be paid for, the pawnbroker returned to Holborn bars with such elation of countenance and agility of step, that it would have cut the liver out of old Balls, the rival pawnbroker, to have seen him, although he did go home just one hundred and fifty odd pounds (the fifty odd pounds being for stamp duties and fees) poorer than he left it. Master Frederick William, in the mean time, took an airing in Lincoln's Inn gardens, among the little nursery boys and girls, to whose almost exclusive use that spacious enclosure is appropriated, throwing, at intervals, lingering glances at the dining-hall clock, and sharpening the edge of his appetite by a succession of turns on the noble terrace that overlooks Lincoln's Inn Fields, as if equally impressed with his venerable father of the propriety of having value for his money!

As the hour of half-past four draws nigh, the gardens gradually fill with enthusiastic students eager for the fray, and all eyes are directed towards the tardy clock, that, having no appetite of its own to satisfy, seems determined not to hurry Phœbus' cattle to satisfy the appetites of others, but slowly and sedately "walks its lonely round" of the dial-plate with a most provoking gravity of motion.

Suddenly, within the gate a grating sound, as of the withdrawal of bolts is heard—the swaying to and fro, the hustling and the jostling, are all exchanged for an uniform forward pressure—the Milesians are on the *qui vive*—the doors are open—the rush, fully equal to that of the pit-door at Drury Lane on a command night, tumbles in, upsetting the unfortunate porter who opens the gate, the old woman who serves the students with gowns, and two or three rash under-waiters who happen to be lingering near the spot—the hall is filled in the twinkling of a bed-post!

It wants now but a quarter to five; and the barristers of twenty years' standing, who have arrived at the dignity of the cucumber, come dropping in, one after another, and proceed with becoming gravity to the upper end of the hall, where they begin to open oysters, throwing away the shells to the right and left, after eating the fish with judicial impartiality. It is five o'clock—the mob of students are decorated with gowns—the barristers all radiant in their patent wigs—the talking is fearful, and the opening of oysters proceeds with alarming velocity—there cannot at this moment be fewer than fifteen hundred embryo Lord High Chancellors in the hall. Suddenly a gentleman-usher appears at the upper extremity of the hall, and proclaims with a loud voice—"BENCHERS, GENTLEMEN—BENCHERS, GENTLEMEN—IF YOU PLEASE." A crimson curtain is now withdrawn, and in single file a long array of elderly apoplectic gentlemen, with faces as crimson as the curtain itself, enter the apartment, and bow profoundly as they pass to the barristers and students, who bow profoundly to the Benchers in return, pass on to their places at the table allotted to them, where they seat themselves, not in the order of professional rank, but by seniority, as Benchers of the Inn. The chaplain, or reader of the Inn, now leaves the table of the barristers, where his place is, and, going to the top of the table of the Benchers, remains there, while three solemn knocks with a hammer, after the fashion of the Cock-Lane ghost, announce his presence. Grace is said with becoming solemnity; and it is

proper to remark, that grace is pronounced by the present reader in a tone and manner that give to this usually unimportant ceremony an air, if not devotional, at least reverend and impressive. Loud is the noise of the company, one and all resuming their places—tremendous the clangour of knives, forks, and spoons—the serious professional business of the day may be truly said to have commenced—here at least there are none briefless—all are engaged in the cause—and every learned gentleman confronts his equally learned friend on the opposite side.

The hall is as full as a tick—tremendous the clangour of knife, fork, and spoon—the tingling of glasses is musical. The loud and continual buzz, every body talking and nobody listening, is as the noise of rushing water afar off. Now and then a loud uproarious laugh—not the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind—but that sort of delighted chuckle that issues from the gills of a crammed turkey, rises high above the interminable clatter, like the break of the tenth wave on an Atlantic shore. As the dinner approaches to completion, and the guests to repletion, the clatter becomes more clattering, the laughter becomes louder and more robustious—the gathering of the clans—plates, dishes, knives, forks, and spoons—the rush of waiters hurrying with velocipede velocity in opposite directions, gulping the heel-taps at full speed—the jingling of beer-glasses upon trays—the rattle of knife-boxes, crammed, like those that used their contents, to suffocation, make altogether a veritable confusion of noises, articulate and inarticulate—a confusion that Babel could not hold a candle to; for, if it did, the confusion would put it out! How exciting is the noble emulation of generous youth, contending thus, not for fame, fortune, a mistress, a place, a pension, or any of those low and vulgar incentives to ordinary ambition—no—but for that one great, one indispensable, one all-absorbing and paramount necessity—the necessity that keeps the peasant to his spade, the tar to his tiller, the waggoner to his team, the miner to his pit, the dog to his truck, the donkey to his cart, the sweep to his chimney-top, and me to my pen—the necessity of having, at least once in the four-and-twenty hours, a belly-full!

How exciting, I say, is all this professional eating and drinking; but, alas, how transient is the excitement! The eating soon is over; for, as men eat in Lincoln's Inn Hall, unless they were created on the principle of certain molluscous animals, in whom the stomach and the whole body are only one and the same thing, how the devil do you think it could be otherwise! The eating is soon, too soon, over—the things to be eaten are all eaten up—and as for the drinking, that is come and gone like a flash of lightning. The fifth butler has put the decanter on the table—the decanter was full a second ago, and it is now as empty and as fragrant as Normanby's head; and as for the wine—did I say wine—"fruit vinum!"

"'Tis like the snow-flakes on the river,

A moment *wine*, then gone for ever,"

with hardly the ceremony of "wine with you,"—a ceremony that is performed in Lincoln's Inn Hall with an air of vulgar *hauteur*, and a sulky affectation of gentility, that changes the red-hot port from blazes to *smog*! I say nothing of the quality of the wine, if wine that can properly be called which is an admixture of bad brandy, logwood water, and tincture of kino, fifty per cent over proof, and certainly liable to the brandy duty; I say nothing of this, because I like my wine to be stiff if it be scanty; and for the benefit of Johnny-Raws, whose throats are unseasoned to swallowing of liquid fire, there is a pump (*gratis*) with an iron ladle attached, in the Inn-hall; but, good Lord, sirs! the quantity—that's the thing makes me cry murder—nor am I at all surprised that, on the evening of the day made memorable by the coronation of our gracious Queen, when the Benchers

"—— out of their great bounty,

Built a bridge at the expense of the county;"

or, what is the same thing, gave the students a feed out of the funds of the Inn,—a certain profane wag, who shall be nameless, when giving out a verse of the National Anthem, which he was solicited to lead in a solo, took that opportunity of stating our grievances as to the modicum of port, in manner and form following—that is to say—

"Happy and glorious—

Three half-pints among four of us,

Heaven send no more of us,

God save the Queen!"

which ridiculous perversion of the author's meaning was received with a full chorus, amid tremendous shouts of laughter and applause.

The wine, however, is gone—the reckoning has been drunk out—and the several messes, depositing their wigs and gowns, look wistfully at a table-spoonful of the ruddy port that clings affectionately to the bottom of the decanter, but dare not taste it, considering that it would be considered ungentle; so with great reluctance they "homewards then take off their several way," leaving the table-spoonful of port to the expectant waiter, who has already swallowed it three or four times in the agony of a thirsty imagination.

The professional student will not fail to have observed, if he has followed my description with the attention it deserves, that there are two different classes of lawyers—those, to wit, who are never seen at Westminster Hall, and those who are never seen any where else—lawyers who are all teeth, and lawyers who are, on the contrary, all jaw.

I do not, I honestly confess, belong to the talking class; I might have been born deaf and dumb for all the opportunity I have ever had of displaying my forensic powers; I have, therefore, in common with nine hundred and ninety-nine barristers out of every thousand, turned my attention exclusively to mastication. Of course, I would gladly have done the other thing if I could have got it to do; but, God help me! my father was not a successful attorney, which I take to be the true and only essential preliminary towards being a successful barrister; indeed, I do not think any one belonging to me ever saw that rare and curious animal an attorney, and it was for this very reason, I believe, that they put me to the barristerial business!

Accordingly, I am grown old, and as I grew old I grew poor. The little substance that in trade, commerce, or manufacture, might have served as the nucleus of an independence, I have dissipated in the vain pursuit of

a profession that has never yielded me a shilling. My dinner is now my business and my enjoyment—during term time I am happy—in the vacation I am miserable—would that I were a dormouse to sleep away the tedious interval!

Ambitious reader, you are coming to the bar! I know you are—I know you *must* be, unless you are already a clergyman or a doctor; for your dear paternal father and mother have discovered that you are a genius; and the only sphere for *their* genius is the profession of the law! Perhaps you have had the bad luck to distinguish yourself at college, or at the spouting club; if so, may the Lord have mercy upon you—you are decidedly undone!

My young friend, I have been jocular; I am now serious. As you value your future happiness, take your own advice in the disposal of your life, and let your father and mother mind their own business; do not let them delude you into a fatal confidence that you are clever, or that you are loquacious. Loquacity and cleverness, as such, have little to do in amassing an independence. Do not desert the profession of arms, as Erskine did, for the law—believe me, you are not an Erskine,—nor the profession of medicine, as did Sir James Mackintosh, for the law—fifty such sucking geniuses as yourself, could not make *one* Sir James Mackintosh. Look to your prospects! look to your prospects! I repeat, for the third time, look to your prospects! and of a profession let your prospects govern your choice. Then may your fate be happier than mine; then, in some unenvied sphere of quiet and unsuccessful industry, may you decently maintain your wife, and creditably rear your children; then you may see the friend of your bosom at your hospitable board; then may you lend a helping hand to a fellow Christian in distress—to me, perhaps, who began the race of life thoughtlessly, and with foolish confidence of success, now, in the evening of my days, comfortless, childless, without society, solace, or station; in loneliness passing away my appointed time in a naked garret, too happy to be permitted the opportunity of scribbling for my daily bread!

THE PEDESTRIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

"More exercise, my dear sir—you should really take much more exercise; for, with a constitution such as yours, I know no other way of preserving health."

"Just so, doctor, and that's the reason why I always make a point of walking five or six times up and down the study before breakfast, and the same number of times before dinner; to say nothing of an occasional stroll down the lane, and a ten minutes' turn in my garden before lunch. If this be not exercise, I know not what the word means; unless, indeed, you would have me jump over the chairs and tables, or play at leap-frog or hop-scotch with my housekeeper!"

"My dear Mr. Waddilove, when I talk of exercise, I mean that you should take a good long walk every day—say, three or four miles—so that you may feel something like a wholesome, moderate fatigue."

"Three or four miles! You're joking—why, such an exertion would be my death! No, Thompson, prescribe any remedy but that. It is the very worst form in which martyrdom can develop itself."

"Well, if you will not be advised by me in this respect, at least go out more into society than you are in the habit of doing, which is in itself a sort of exercise, by the stimulus it gives to—"

"Right, doctor, so it is; and it is this conviction which has induced me to accept our mutual friend, Captain Capulet's invitation for to-morrow. He is going to leave Caversham in a day or two for the sea-side, and has asked me to a farewell dinner. I doubt, however, whether I shall be able to go, so very indifferent is my health. The dyspeptic symptoms that I spoke to you of last week, have—"

"Like all your other malaises, real or imaginary, their origin in want of exercise."

"Pshaw, doctor, you're a man of one idea—always harping on the same string!"

Finding further remonstrance useless, at least for the present, the apothecary, who was a shrewd man of the world, contented himself with giving his patient a few commonplace directions with regard to regimen, in order to keep up the appearance of paying attention to his case, and then took his leave, with a promise that he would look in again in a day or two.

Mr. Miles Waddilove, as may be inferred from the above conversation, was a gentleman of lethargic, and somewhat hypochondriacal, temperament, and of studious and secluded habits. He was a bachelor, about forty-five years of age; was tolerably independent in circumstances; and resided in an old-fashioned red brick building, with two clipped yews in front, which stood halfway down a shady lane that terminated in the London road, on the outskirts of the town of Reading. In person, Waddilove was of the middle height; he had a goodly, though not a preposterous, paunch; and legs as sturdy as those which we often see in the possession of a drayman. His face was a dead white, like plaster of Paris; he was bald as a turnip, and wore a wig; and had a thick under-lip, which drooped over an expansive chin, one-half of which was always imbedded in a padded neckcloth.

All men have their peculiarities, and the one prominent feature in Miles' idiosyncrasy was his abhorrence of pedestrian exercise. For days together he never stirred outside his gates. Even to talk of walking roused his spleen, for it brought to mind a rash peripatetic experiment which he had been prevailed on to make in the year 1814, when he crawled upwards of four miles along the dusty high-road, under a blistering sun, in order to get a peep at the Allied Sovereigns on their way back to London from Oxford; and returned home with a face scorching hot, fingers swollen to the size of sausages, the stitch in his side, and the cramp in both legs! When, in addition to this peculiarity, I observe that Waddilove was a bit of an epicure, and addicted at times to absence of mind, I have said all that is necessary to prove that he was one of those quiet homespun characters, whom young ladies are apt to look on as oddities, and quiz as such.

Immediately on the apothecary quitting him, Miles rang the bell for his housekeeper, and told her to hasten instantly to the town, and desire Toul-

min's coach to be ready at the door next day at five o'clock, in order to convey him to Caversham, where his friend Capulet resided. As this vehicle was something of a curiosity, a passing mention of it may not be amiss. It was a sort of cross between a carriage and a hackney-coach of the olden time; its box was low and spacious; its ill-conditioned wheels stood out afar from its sides, like the red ears of a Yorkshire ostler; and its two ends, back and front, came down with a gradual slant inwards from the roof, which, instead of being flat, bellied out like the top crust of a gooseberry pie. Being the only coach in Reading that was let out on hire on the principle of the London hackney-coach, it was generally known by the name of the "town-tub;" and in its rickety motion, and, above all, in its extraordinary genius for upsetting, it had the rare merit of rivaling even an Irish post-chaise!

Punctual to the hour appointed, this eccentric vehicle drew up at Waddilove's door, who, in a few minutes, made his appearance, attired in all the finery of black shorts and silks, with his best bob-wig newly frizzed and powdered. He was in high glee at the idea of having escaped a hot dusty walk; and as the "town-tub" went clattering down Friar street on its way to the neighbouring little village of Caversham, he kept humming the tune of "Old King Cole," which he always did when in good humor, and glancing every now and then, with visible satisfaction, at the magnificent clocks which ran halfway up his silk stockings.

He was thus pleasantly occupied, when suddenly, just as he had accomplished about a third of his journey, a loud crash was heard—off flew one of the wheels, and down came the coach on its side, right in the middle of the road! Fortunately Mr. Waddilove, though not a little alarmed, sustained no injury from the catastrophe, and was promptly extricated by the cool and collected coachman, whom long experience had taught to look on an upset quite as a matter of course. On examining into the nature of the injuries sustained by the town-tub, it was found that it would take upwards of an hour to remedy them; and, as such a delay was not to be thought of under the circumstances, poor Miles, groaning bitterly, as a recollection of his walk in 1814 flashed across his mind, proceeded on his road on foot, this being the only chance he had left of reaching Caversham in time for dinner.

It was a dry, warm, autumn evening, with just enough wind to put the dust into a state of brisk activity—a special annoyance when one happens to be walking in full dress, and is anxious to wear a becoming aspect, as was just now the case with Waddilove, who lost much time in his various manoeuvres to avoid the whirling clouds that beset him at certain turns and angles of the road.

After plodding straight on for nearly half an hour, he reached that long, irregular, picturesque bridge which spans the Thames, there of imposing breadth, and leads direct into the village of Caversham. Arrived at this spot, he might have admired—for few can behold it without admiration—the singular sylvan beauty of the landscape about him; the flowery meadows stretching for miles along the nearest bank of the river; the wooded uplands of the distant Mapledurham; and the rich autumn-tinted foliage of Caversham park, which shone with a thousand gorgeous colours in the setting sun; the broad reaches of the lake-like Thames, with the numerous cottage lawns and flower-gardens sloping down its edge; the straggling village at the foot of the bridge, and the high chalk cliffs immediately beyond it, planting their white feet in the stream, and redeeming, by their bold precipitous character, what might otherwise have seemed too tame in the landscape;—all this Miles, had he been so disposed, might have regarded with just admiration: but his thoughts were otherwise occupied, dwelling with more complacency on the rich soups, juicy meats, and luscious wines that awaited him at his journey's end, and alone reconciled him to his unforseen walk. The clock struck six as he turned off the bridge into the village. He halted. The last stroke rung like a knell in his ear. At that very moment the servants were bringing in the first course. He should then be too late for the soup and fish! Horrid anticipation! Nevertheless, there was still a faint chance; and, buoyed up by this reflection, he quickened his pace almost to a trot, but had yet to toil through the village and up the hill that rises beyond it, ere he could reach the desired haven.

At length he arrived at his friend's house, and the first agreeable moment he had known since his ejection from the town-tub was, when he rang the garden-bell, and saw an old female servant hurrying down the gravel-walk to answer the summons.

"Is dinner on table?" he enquired in tremulous accents, that betrayed the great interest he took in the question.

"Dinner!" replied the old dame, who was rather hard of hearing—"did you say dinner, sir?"

"Why, how the woman stares! To be sure I did. I'm one of your master's guests; so, let me in—quick; I'm quite late enough as it is. Do you hear, woman?—let me in, I say!"

"Bless your heart, I daren't do no such thing, for it's directly against orders. Says my master to me no later than yesterday—Betty, says he—"

"I tell you again, woman, I'm one of the party engaged to dine here to-day!" exclaimed Miles in a loud tone of voice intended to bear down all opposition.

"I know nothing about that," replied Betty; all I know is that master had a large dinner-party yesterday, and that this morning all the family set out for Southampton, where they mean to spend the autumn."

Poor Waddilove looked the very picture of despair as he heard these words; and, hastily fumbling about in his pockets, drew forth, after a close search, his friend's note of invitation, read it, and found his worst suspicions confirmed. True, he had been invited to a dinner-party at Captain Capulet's; but he had mistaken the day, and arrived just twenty-four hours too late!

When he had somewhat recovered the shock of this discovery, he entertained, in most moving terms, that Betty would at least let him in, and allow him to rest for a few minutes while he collected his scattered thoughts. But the old woman would not hear of such a proposal; she had received strict orders, she said, to "let no strangers in whatsoever," and it was as much as her place was worth to act "contrarywise."

"But I am no stranger, but, on the contrary, one of your master's oldest friends," insisted Miles.

"That's not my look-out," rejoined the unmoved Betty; "my orders is positive, to let no strangers in while the family's away; and you're a stranger to me, sir—uncommon strange, to be sure!" she added in an under-tone, at the same time casting a sly suspicious glance at Waddilove's sullen visage and dust-soiled habiliments; after which she gave a brisk tug at the garden-gate, to assure herself that it was fast locked, and then made the best of her way back into the house.

Miles was now in a state of very grievous perplexity; for not only had he lost his dinner, but his bed also, on which he always reckoned when invited to a party at the captain's. His first impulse was to return home immediately; but as this involved the necessity of a walk of upwards of four miles—there being no suitable conveyance to be procured at Caversham—he shrunk with dismay from the idea. Next he thought of taking his chance of a meal and a bed at the village alehouse; but as he passed it, the fumes of mingled gin, beer, and tobacco, issuing from the open window of the low-roofed parlour, assailed him so powerfully, that hot, jaded, and hungry as he was, he had not the heart to venture in. At last he recollected that, about a mile or two further on, past Caversham Park, there dwelt a rich, elderly, single lady, whom he had occasionally met at Captain Capulet's, and who had shown no unwillingness to cultivate his acquaintance. He had not seen this ancient dame for two years, nor would he have remembered her address—perhaps not even her name—had not his memory just now been quickened by his necessities. Hoping that here at length he might get a dinner and a ride home in the lady's carriage, Waddilove trudged on with renewed spirit, just halting for a few minutes when he reached the great gates of the park, in order to brush the dust from his shoes and stockings with some large dock-leaves that grew under the palings.

By this time the sun had set; a silver mist began to steam up from the broad valley of the Thames, the gnats rose by thousands, forming a sort of cloud just above the hedges, and the humming cockchafer "made wing" for the elms and horse-chestnut trees that flung their shadows far beyond the footpath, imparting a refreshing coolness to Miles's fevered frame, who, considering his sedentary habits, held up with remarkable perseverance, in the hope that he might reach his fair friend's house before nightfall. But he toiled on in vain; for not a single habitation of any sort was visible, the road—which, so far as he could see, ran straight as an arrow—being bordered on one side by hedges, and on the other by the long range of the park palings. Here was a dilemma! How should he act? Ask his way? There was not a human being in sight to whom he could apply for information. Go back? In that case he would lose his last chance of procuring refreshment and a ride home. Go forward? Yes, this was his sole remaining alternative, to which he was the more disposed from the incessant promptings of the gastric juice, whose hints became every moment more significant, till at last he was compelled, as his only means of satisfying hunger, to halt and pluck the blackberries that grew thickly in the hedge, and those well-known Berkshire sloes, from which so much of our "old crusted port wine" is manufactured. Striking illustration of the caprice of fortune! A middle-aged epicure standing on tiptoe, like a schoolboy, to snatch an *impromptu* meal from some dusty shrubs in a high-road! When Miles had gathered a handful or more of this unsophisticated fruit, he sat down on a hillock that jutted out on the pathway, to eat, and, if possible, digest it; but had scarcely finished his meal, when he was annoyed by an intolerable itching in his legs, and hastily jumping up, found—unhappy wretch!—that he had been sitting down upon an ant's nest!

While he was brushing off these pestilent insects, who evinced a keen sense of injury by stinging him in a hundred places, a man came jogging along the road on a cart-horse, and humming the plaintive air of "Bob and Joan." On enquiring of this warbling clodhopper the nearest way to Myrtle Lodge—the name of the ancient spinster's residence—Miles was told that he must go straight on for about a quarter of a mile, and then take the first turning on the right, which was a bypath leading up to the lodge. Having walked what he conceived to be this distance, he came, not to the path in question, but to an isolated cottage; and, on making a second enquiry of a young woman who was standing in the doorway, received for answer that he had still half a mile farther to go! Delightful intelligence to a man whose tight shoes are constantly impressing his nervous system with an acute consciousness of corns! Perseverance, however, be the difficulties what they may, never fails to carry its point; and, in the fulness of time, Waddilove reached the lodge; but what words shall express his consternation and disgust when he saw, posted in large printed letters in the unfurnished front parlour, "THIS HOUSE TO LET."

Heart-stricken by this last calamity, Miles slowly and abstractedly set out on his return to Caversham, determined no longer to give in to the prejudices of his fastidious olfactories, but halt at the public-house, which he now regretted having passed with such disdain, make the most of whatever fare might be placed before him, and even pass the night there—so effectually had fatigue and hunger subdued his sense of gentility. But even this last sorry resource was denied him; for, on turning again into the high-road, absorbed in painful reverie, he took the wrong direction, so that, instead of retracing his course back to Caversham, he was momentarily placing himself at a greater distance from it. He did not discover his error—his notions of locality being of a very confused, parson-Adams-like, character—till he found himself advanced upwards of a hundred yards upon a large tract of moorland. He instantly hurried back, but was again doomed to disappointment; for, just at the commencement of the common, three roads met, and for the life of him he could not make out which was the one he had just left. As well, however, as he could judge by the faint glimmer that still lingered in the west, the three ran in nearly parallel lines; so, concluding that each would lead to Caversham with but little difference in point of distance, he took the central road, and followed its course for nearly a mile, when, darkness coming on, he soon got off the track, and stumbled upon some marshy ground which sucked in his pumps at every third or fourth step he took, occasioning him as much annoyance as if he had been walking in damp weather over a ploughed field.

Waddilove was now quite desperate; and as he went floundering on, cursing the inexorable destiny that thus forced him, like M. Von Wodenblock in the tale, to "keep moving" whether he would or not, the cramp, brought on by fatigue, began to tie double knots in the calf of each leg, while his stomach rumbled so exceedingly, from the joint effects of hunger and the tart fruit which he had swallowed, as to impress him with the humiliating conviction that he was just becoming a *roarer*! Miserable man! His walk to see the allied sovereigns was a mere lounge compared to this. All sorts of grim imaginings beset him. Apoplexy haunted him like a spectre; and the freshening wind, as it swept across the unsheltered moor, seemed redolent of agues and Rheumatisms. What enormous sin had he committed, that he should be thus visited with a severer punishment than if he had been sent to pick oakum at the tread-mill! Had he violated all the decencies of social life, or so far sported with the sacred interests of truth as to call Joseph Hume a statesman, then, indeed, he might have anticipated a stern retributive visitation. But he had done nothing of the sort; but, on the contrary, had always strictly fulfilled his duties as a man and a citizen, and held it as an axiom that Joseph was by no means a Solon. And yet here he was—he whose anti-peripatetic prejudices were the strongest in his nature, and the constant theme of remark among his friends—wandering alone at nightfall on a moor, in silk stockings and pumps, thawing like a prize-ox in the dog-days, and with no chance of bettering his condition until daybreak, supposing he should survive till then—or, at any rate, till the moon should rise, supposing that there was a moon! It was a cruel, an unprecedented case, and might have given a serious shock to his faith in a superintending Providence, had not his train of indignant meditation been seasonably diverted by his making a false step, and plunging down upon a smooth, dry mound. Too tired to get up again, and more than half persuaded that it was all over with him, and that he should be found a corpse before the morning, Miles threw himself at full length along this mound, and in a few minutes was fast asleep, and wandering through the land of dreams; now fancying that he was Captain Barclay, and walking for a wager a thousand miles in a thousand hours; and now, that he was Harlequin, and, as such, compelled not only to walk but to frisk through a pantomime, without stopping, for three mortal hours!

It was now nearly nine o'clock; the risen moon shone like a tempered sun, except when the clouds, driven by a fresh south-wind, swept across her orb; and by her light two men might be seen making their way over the common towards the mound whereon Miles lay sleeping. From their dress, and still more from the hang-dog expression of their faces, it was evident that they were confirmed scapegoats—choice samples of a breed such as may be found in almost every country village; fellows who get drunk whenever they can; steal whatever they can lay their hands on; are at home in the stocks; familiar with the flavour of horse-ponds and the sharp discipline of the cat's-tail; and want nothing but opportunity to ensure their promotion to the gallows. Both these vagrant geniuses were attired in a costume whose uncommon raggedness approached to the picturesque. One wore a grey beaver hat, and a great-coat which reached to his ankles, and was patched in twenty different places; the other had no hat at all; but then, to make amends for this defect, his yellow shirt-tail stuck out behind through a fissure in his small clothes, in the gracefulest and most natural manner possible. As this precious couple drew near the slumbering Waddilove, whose nap had by this time lasted upwards of an hour, a sudden movement that he made with his legs, accompanied by a deep groan (as if, in the character of Harlequin, he was just going to take a reluctant leap head-foremost through a window), attracted their notice, and, hastening up, they gazed for a minute or so, in expressive silence, on the sleeper, who lay on his side with his head buried in his arms.

At length one whispered to the other, "I say, Jack, this is a rum go, this is; there's been some of the family at work here, I take it."

"No, no," replied his com-rogue, stooping down and gently turning Miles on his back—"it's no affair of that natur; the cove's not been queered, he's only lousy, and as fast as a church—I'm blest if he ain't."

"Vy, then, I'm a-thinking, Jack," resumed the first speaker, laying his forefinger beside his nose, "as it would be but right and proper in us to take care of the gemman's watch and seals for him, for it's wery clear a he can't take care on 'em his-self."

"No more he can't, Bill, replied the other, with a grin of intelligence; "he's as helpless as a baby."

"Vy, then, here goes, Jack;" and so saying, the one scamp knelt down, and dexterously drew out Miles's gold watch, with its massive chain and seals; while the other ransacked his breeches-pockets, whence he presently extracted with an air of modest triumph, a well-stored silk-net purse.

This done, they next proceeded to make free with Waddilove's hat and wig, and would even have reduced him to the attractive state of nature in which Adam was before the Fall, had not their intentions been frustrated by a loud trumpet-like snore from the sleeper, which startled their delicate nerves to such a degree, that they flew off across the common, as if, to quote Byron's well-known words, "the speed of thought were in their limbs."

Miles, mean-time, continued buried in profound repose, but about eleven o'clock he awoke, and, starting to his feet, looked about him with a countenance of as much wonder as Abon Hassan showed, when he found himself sitting up, broad awake, in the Caliph's Haroun's state-bed. He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and, being refreshed by his nap, and goaded to further peripatetic exertions by an appetite of wondrous potency, he gave a preliminary jump or so, by way of taking the starch-like stiffness out of his knees, and then set out on his return to Caversham, no longer apprehensive of losing his way, for the moon shed down a steady radiance on the common, and enabled him to see that he was only separated from the right track by a patch of marshy ground, on the edge of which rose the grassy tumulus whereon he had made his bed.

Just as he was about to start, feeling an uncommon coolness—say, rather a decided chill—in his upper story, he put his hand to his forehead

when, to his inexpressible astonishment, he discovered that he was *minus* hat and wig. How was this? Was there witchcraft in the case? Had Puck or Robin Goodfellow been trying their hands at petty larceny, or some vagabond zephyr taken a fancy to the articles in question? No, no; there had been no agency of this sort at work, as the bereaved Waddilove soon found to his cost, when on feeling for his watch, in order to see what o'clock it was, he ascertained that this too had gone, most likely to keep company with his hat and wig; and that his purse also had taken the opportunity of playing truant! I forbear, from conscious incapacity, to describe the paroxysms of rage into which Miles was thrown on making these untoward discoveries; suffice it to say, that after firing off volleys of oaths, like minute-guns, till he was nearly black in the face with the effort, he took out his pocket handkerchief, tied it about his bald shiny pate, after the fashion of an old Irish apple-woman, and then hurried along his road, taking those fidgety, petulant, and irregular steps, which men are wont to take when labouring under unusual nervous excitement.

Nearly opposite the cross-road to Myrtle Lodge, there was a swing-gate, from which ran a winding public footpath through Caversham park. This park terminated in a stile not far from the entrance to the village, and as it cut off a considerable elbow of the road, Miles, who had missed it on his way out to the Lodge, now determined to avail himself of it, it being a matter of infinite consequence to him to reach the public-house, and secure supper and a bed, before they should shut up for the night. As he maintained a smart pace, and was no longer incommoded by the heat, the night being cool and the wind fresh, he made very satisfactory progress, and had already got as far as the park preserves, which the footpath skirted, descending thence into a gradual bushy hollow, when he was startled by the sound of whispers at no great distance from him, which was almost immediately followed by the discharge of a gun. Now, it happened that the pacific Waddilove had the same invincible horror of fire-arms that King James had of a drawn sword; he could not even look a gun in the face without a shudder; judge, then, of his consternation when he heard this sudden discharge, together with a rustling among the preserves, as though a gang of poachers were emerging upon the footpath! Overmastered by his apprehensions, and taking for granted that, if he should be seen, he would instantly be shot for a gamekeeper, and not have the mis take cleared up till he lay stretched like a cock partridge on the ground, with a score or so of small shot buried in his epigastrium, he abruptly quitted the path, and plunging down into the thick copse near it, doubled himself up, hedge-hog fashion, heedless of the brambles and stinging nettles which gave him any thing but a gracious reception.

The noise he made, as he went crashing into the heart of the thicket, caught the quick ears of the poachers, who, darting out from the preserves on the other side of the path, stood looking anxiously about them, and whispering to each other, as though doubtful whether the sound of their gun had startled a spy or a hare. Intense was Miles's agitation while he heard these scamps, among other equally significant threats, announce their intention, when once they got a glimpse of him, to "do for him"—"riddle him like a cullender"—"bring him down at the long shot"—"pitch him into the Thames, with a big stone tied about his neck," &c.; and he inwardly vowed that, should he but escape the perils of this memorable night, he would never again venture so far from home—not even in a coach, much less in the accursed town-tub—were he to be bribed by the daintiest dinner that epicure ever sat down to. No, he would cut the acquaintance of every one who lived more than a hundred yards from Reading. While he was thus settling the course of conduct he would adopt, in the event of his getting safely out of his present ticklish scrape, the moon became suddenly overcast; whereupon the poachers, eager to avail themselves of the favouring gloom to pursue their vocation in the preserves, and satisfied by this time that the noise they had heard was merely occasioned by the starting of a hare, withdrew again to the spot which they had so lately quitted.

Miles waited till they had all left the footpath, and were lost to sight in the leafy and tangled preserves, and then stealing cautiously back into the road, like a shy old badger out of his hole, he stood listening for a few seconds, after which he flew at his utmost speed along the road, with outstretched neck, and both hands clapped instinctively upon his hind quarters, so as to act as a sort of protecting shield in case he should chance to receive an ignominious shot in the rear. Away, away he flew, insensible alike to fatigue and hunger, so completely had fear got the better of every other sensation. As the wind rose and fell, sighing among the pines and beeches, and whirling the dead leaves by hundreds into the air, he fancied he heard the quick tramp of footsteps behind him; mistook the hooting of the owl for the yells of his pursuers; and, in the spectral moving shadows flung by the stirred trees across his path, beheld the signs of a lurking enemy.

It must have been a rare treat to a lover of the grotesque, to have seen this adipose fugitive scouring along in a steeple-chase style, and taking big bouncing leaps like a ram, while the broad flaps of his black coat streamed in the wind, and his mouth stood ajar like the shell of a dead oyster. What cares he for distance or difficulty? The trunk of a fallen elm lies across his road; he is over it in a jiffy, and comes down the other side with all the agility of a dancing-master. Further on, a brawling brooklet threatens to impede his progress; in he plunges, halfway up to his knees, and scrambles out again, refreshed rather than incommoded by his partial bath. Thus, copse after copse, slope after slope, are passed; now he descends into a shady dell; now he winds round the brow of a verdant hill, whence he may catch a fine view of the park that extends to the bank of the Thames, affording shelter to large herds of deer, and magnificently timbered with giant oaks, who have bid defiance to the storms of centuries, and heard the roar of Cromwell's cannon against the walls of Reading Abbey; and now, all danger passed, he halts to rest himself on the stile which, as I have before observed, abuts on the main road, just at the entrance of Caversham.

Waddilove reached the village as the church clock was striking the last chime of midnight. As he passed along the main street, its irregular rows of houses wore a cold, staring, and even ghastly aspect in the imperfect moonlight, and nothing was audible but the rippling of the near Thames

against the arches of the bridge, or the occasional growl of some drowsy watch-dog. Under other circumstances, Miles's imagination would have been forcibly impressed by the dead solitude of this hushed hamlet through which he moved, the only living being, startling the echoes of night by his tread; but his late adventures had, for the time being, given him quite a surfeit of romance.

On coming to the public-house, he found, as might have been anticipated, that it was shut up, and that not the slightest glimmer of a light was to be seen in any of the rooms. Determined, nevertheless, on gaining admittance, he banged away at the door for full ten minutes; but finding this of no avail, he bawled out the landlord's name, and then let fly a handful of small stones and gravel against his bedroom windows. This had the desired effect, for presently the lattice was cautiously thrown open, and a man's head, enveloped in a worsted nightcap, thrust through the aperture.

"Who's there?" enquired the landlord, in a peevish tone of voice full of sleep.

"'Tis I," replied Miles.

"And who the devil is I?"

"A friend of Captain Capulet, Mr. Waddilove of Wallington Lane, near Reading. I've been unexpectedly detained in the neighbourhood, and want some supper and a bed, for it's too late to think of returning home to-night."

"Humph!—supper and a bed! You'll get neither the one nor the other here, so be off with you—I ain't going to open my door at this hour to fellows without a hat; you may be a thief for aught I know;"—and with these words, the landlord shut to the window.

Nothing daunted by this repulse, Miles discharged a second shower of gravel against the window, hoping by such means to bully the churl into a surrender. But he knew not the man he had to deal with; for no sooner had he taken aim for the third time against the easement, than it was again opened, and down came the saponaceous contents of a wash-hand basin on his head!

It was past one o'clock when a market-cart, laden with fruit and vegetables, stopped at Waddilove's door, and a gentleman descended from it, pale as the turnips among which he had been seated, shaking in every joint from excessive jolting, his clothes begrimed with dust, and a handkerchief tied about his head, looking as rumpled as though a quart of water had been but just wrung out of it. And this pitiable sample of humanity was Miles Waddilove, Esquire! Alas, how changed from that Miles—*quantum mutatus ab illo Heclore!*—who but eight hours before had left his home, smiling and sunny, in all the consciousness of a captivating costume! He had met the cart as he was crawling, snail-like, along the road, after leaving Caversham bridge, and had bargained with the driver—who was on his way to Reading, to be in time for the morrow's market—for a seat among his vegetables, by way of a dignified finale to his walk of upwards of ten miles, and the mishaps consequent upon it.

After his recognition by his housekeeper, which was a task of no ordinary difficulty, Miles hurried into his study, and throwing himself on a sofa, ordered up all the cold meat in the pantry, made a prodigious supper, which he washed down with a bottle of his very oldest Madeira, and then plunged into bed, where he soon fell into the soundest sleep ever, perhaps, enjoyed by a sedentary gentleman on the shady side of forty. Had he taken laudanum, or, what is equivalent to laudanum, subjected himself to the perusal of Doctor Bowring's edition of Bentham, his slumber could not possibly have been more profound. When he rose at a late hour next day, in a state of more vigorous health, bating a slight stiffness in his limbs, than he had known for some months, he found his medical man waiting for him in the breakfast parlour, whom he instantly acquainted with all the sufferings he had undergone on the preceding night. To his great astonishment, the apothecary, so far from condoling with him on his involuntary peripatetic achievements, had actually the hardihood to congratulate him; and even went the length of assuring him that—notwithstanding his fatigues and vexations—he might consider himself a very lucky fellow, inasmuch as the walk, by giving a wholesome stimulus to his nervous system, and producing a corresponding energy of action in the blood, had most likely saved him from an attack of hypochondriacism, thereby exemplifying the truth of the old adage—"out of evil cometh good."

FRENCH PARTIES.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

Mr. —'s drawing-room is an elegant drawing-room—we speak of the men and women we meet there, not of his tables and chairs. It is one of those which one frequents with feelings of unqualified approval, and never too often. His dinners are without pretension, good, and remarkably well served. In their social composition he knows both who is who, and what is what; and to partake of that repast *chez lui*, which is at once the criterion of an host's abilities and a specimen of his society, is, in the Maison ****, an assured enjoyment of several hours, for which you feel grateful and flattered. One already foresees a beautiful *avenir*, where the soup is not an unmeaning expletive, but challenges attention by its excellence, and is promptly distributed by many hands. The first moments of suspense are past—you have reconnoitred your position—you have taken your roll out of its spotless napkin, and unfurled it on your knee—you are going to make that first *sotto voce* and decided movement towards acquaintance with your *voisine*, which, inspired by the soup and half a glass of fine sherry, gets on afterwards of its own accord. In this agreeable *salle à manger* the dishes always come at the right moment—the damask arena is always occupied—the servants watch the guests' movements, and know that while they are interesting each other in sparkling sallies of wit, or graceful attentions of common-place, that any thing put down to be eaten, abruptly before them, would only be an impertinence, and stop mouths more agreeably employed. The adroit service seizes the happy moment, when an agreement as to a *cantatrice's* merits, or an actor's originality is arrived at, and the conversation for an instant languishes; this is the time, surely, for the *entremet*, the *sole en matelotte*

Normande, the pleasing mixture of the *Macedoine del egumes*, or that abyss of good things, the truffled *vol-au-vent*, which lies smoking before you. The wine, being necessarily good, is not, as in England, descanted on; no dish is criticised; the elegant refinements of easy circumstances, and the good taste of the invited, spare you the possibility of a shock, and are apparent throughout; no awkward butler breaks mismanaged corks; an invisible functionary executes that duty without reproach. The footmen are silent in their service, unless, when bringing round some bottle of more *recherché* quality, they whisper the patronymic. They note your slightest movement of want, existing or satisfied, and never trouble you to repeat a demand. No lowering spouse looks thunder-clouds at some awkward exhibition of the homeliness of the family resources; no conscious husband strives to cover his wife's discomposure by becoming prematurely and unnecessarily gay; no flippant impertinences pass muster; no indiscriminate praise or censure of men, books, or things, no loud assertion of egotistical opinion, or egregious self-esteem will here meet with sympathy or support. Scandals past, present, or to come, form no part of the conversation: vulgar retaliation upon French prejudices are abstained from; provincialisms or solecisms offend not. The conversation is, perhaps, never deep, but it is seldom dull; it may affect, perhaps, the last fashion of phrase yet unvulgarized by use, but still its essence is the maintenance of that happy medium between sustained argumentation (which monopolizes attention and induces dyspepsia) and that raw violence of manner which, in addressing you, forces unqualified dissent, or compels to silence and reserve. As dinner proceeds, it flows with more and more facility and fewer interruptions; each has fair play; the whole is a piece of concerted music, a diapason of harmony, and a Solo would scarcely be commenced ere it was quietly put down. It is not conceded to any large dealer in anecdote, at Mr. —'s parties, to inflict his tiresome memory on reluctant audiences. Even the *celebrités* do not engross attention. The profound thinker, from whose prolific wisdom society abroad may have drawn her largest supplies, here imitates those mighty rivers, which impart only the overflowings of their full urns, and as they pass along, discover not in the serenity of their surface the depth of their resources. All waters are equally deep to the eye, and like them, the mind's depths must be fathomed to be known. To perfect the whole, a condiment to the intellectual banquet is supplied in the freemasonry of a liberal education, and all rise with improved conversational powers to join the ladies and contribute to their amusement. A few musical friends drop in, and the rest of the evening is passed in listening to what is perfect in its kind, and new in its quality. May many such *dinners* be in store for us (inasmuch as *toutes les grandes pensées viennent de l'estomac*), and may many such soirees follow them!

But, alas! all parties are not *ejusdem farinae*! Take a specimen of another!—

When a man is matrimoniously inclined, let him keep his own counsel; and if he have already been indiscreet enough to speak out to a lady confidante, let him hold, suspect her offer of introducing him to the "charming young friend" with whom she may have been at school. A man disposed to matrimony, as an expedient state, will go through any thing to arrive at it! On one of those fatal occasions, when introductions to all that is enchanting are generously promised and gratefully accepted, did we find our way up three pair of stairs of corkscrew architecture, and land upon two or three square feet of neutral territory, between two exactly similar doors exposed to equal assault in the exploratory uncertainty of the guest. Here did we take our last draught of respirable air for that night! we hit upon the right bell, and were again admonished on the threshold, that we must be *very* sentimental if we would prosper in our undertaking; the door of the exterior *avenue* presently opened, and in we went. There were three rooms, at least there were three times four walls defining the limits of three compartments of contracted space, the whole of which would have made a respectable *aviary*, but would have been scarcely a *zoological* allowance for *monkeys*. These boxes, of course, opened and steamed into each other, wafting reciprocal gales of musk and music to the equal annoyance of the victims who were being black-holed with surprising resignation!

The innermost room had been rendered entirely insupportable by a stiff fire, which it maintained till it came to a natural death for want of air, on which desirable event the guests, who had been equally ready to expire, began to show tokens of revival. This furnace, or engine-room, was moreover papered of a fiery red, with butterflies and passion-flower devices for border; an equally glaring carpet, covered every inch of the twelve by fourteen feet of surface on which it was extended; and a voluminous rug almost smoked in front of the fire-place. The rest of the furniture was all dwarfish, to correspond to the room, except a huge piano—an immense old broken-kneed Vauxhall-song affair—which quite occupied one side of the small parallelogram, compelling the guests who were to applaud its achievements to the other, and, played on or silent, was the lion of the evening. Such large instruments, we found, were always objects of respect; some opined "it must have cost a deal of money;" some stated that it was particularly adapted to sacred music—and we wished it in St. Peter's accordingly. Some celebrated *finger* had pronounced upon its tones before it had been purchased; loud to be sure it was, but then it was so easy to open the window (*bien entendu* when the wind was not easterly) and disperse a portion of its vibrations. The chimney-piece was ornamented with flowers, cut out by some of the family, and paper pinks and muslin roses, on silk-twisted wire-stalks, and under glass bells, flanked a clock in alabaster. But what could our Louisa be thinking of, to hang up those horrible daubs, by her fair hand, in oils? one was accordingly compelled, on this confession, to say "very pretty," to a certainly original sketch of Love sleeping on a green bank—green, indeed, but not *exactly* the right sort of green; and as for the Cupid thus served up on chopped spinnach, he looked as if he were not likely ever to wake again. That Warrior's head, we have surely seen before in some foreign collection—and now that we recollect, it was from the top of a coach on Snowhill, where such a Saracenic head has glared on us since we were five years old. We believe he gets *rouged* every three or four years, but Louisa's warrior will not require it.

A calmer sea than that, never showed smooth surface of a deeper blue; nor did the same element ever exhibit more froth below, or blacker sky above, than the *pendant*, on another piece of canvass covered by the same indefatigable young lady, at whose bidding quicksilver rivulets run out of lead-coloured lakes, snow-capt mountains are provided with green hills for footstools, inextricable forests of black trees are bisected by a gash or wound over which a bridge is thrown to intimate that some geological feature is designed, or a most peculiar sky is *studded* with birds, stuck immovably between heaven and earth—and so much for *paysage*, the fine arts, and Louisa.

Did our sufferings, pulmonary, cutaneous, or moral, terminate here? Oh, that *Canaan of ass's milk*, a lady's album! with its lunatic addresses to the moon, its moral exhortations to Lord Byron, its mawkish valedictions of young friends going to Cambridge, its lines written at sea, (and signed M. E. which must mean *maris experts*) or stanzas from abroad, which only show the writer not to have been at home in any thing but his Spelling-book!—or to crown all, its charades, its epigrams, its profane micrographical curiosities—the *stone tables of the law*, or the *prayer of the Redeemer* within the circlet of a ten sous piece.

The Album penalty exacted to the letter, and our civility and patience having outdone themselves, we thankfully look up, and are prepared to resign the interesting volume into the hands of the fair proprietor, when two tall gentlemen, who had been obtaining but a bird's eye view, are already competitors! Two long right arms are suddenly extended towards the relinquished prize: two long right arms are as suddenly retracted, with galeanised politeness, on perceiving each other's intentions. These were the *active* of the party, but many a silent guest was sitting there in mute submission to the inscrutable decrees of fate, and leaden-eyed expectation of eleven o'clock, which was still far distant! Tea came, and a third cup *per man* had been proffered and refused. The ill-made card-table had opened its sybilline leaves, and displayed to eager eyes its wax-bespattered thread-bare baize: premonitory of long whist, five sous points, captious trick-takers, women partners, and thin French cards. The young people, we hear, are expected to *dance*! Dance! what! in that cupboard, where a score of mice would interfere with each other's tails! Dance! to that horrible *Megatherion*, the *grand piano*? No, by St. Vitus! No, by our innate self-esteem, and our instinct of self-preservation. Leap, like Curtius, into that gulf of un-to-be-rewarded immolation, we neither can nor will! besides, could two indifferent arms do all the dancing duty of this preposterous evening! The limbs of Briareus and Antæus, moved by the gallantry of a modern colonel of militia would be left at fault, and we must look for the lucky moment when the necessity of our departure can be confidentially whispered, together with our immense regret.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER'S STORY.

"It was here, sir, that Mr. Clements descended."

"How fearful!" I exclaimed, scarcely venturing to look down a precipice at least six hundred feet in depth.

To repeat in a few words what had occupied nearly an hour, and omitting his numerous digressions, the samphire gatherer's tale ran thus:—

At the close of the last century he and his father, samphire gatherers by trade, had assisted in lowering one Mr. Clements down the cliff under rather extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Clements was returning home along the downs, from the then retired, but now fashionable town of —, when he recognised a boat about a mile from the shore, strongly resembling one in which his wife and sister were in the frequent habit of passing hours, in a little bay or inlet of the sea near his house. He hastened home only to have all doubts removed as to their identity; and, hurrying back to the spot where he had first observed them, found, to his extreme terror, that the boat had been deserted by its occupants, who had been seen wandering on the rocks under the cliff. To approach them by the sea on either side in time to rescue them from their impending danger was impossible. The tide was rising fast, and their destruction appeared to be inevitable. In this emergency the samphire gatherers were thought of, and sought for; and, declining all their offers, Clements insisted upon descending the cliff, in the hope of placing his wife upon some rock or spot where she might remain in safety till the arrival of the boats from —. Thus far had the samphire gatherer got in his story which he was relating to me as I was strolling along the cliffs, when he paused, as I have already mentioned, and pointed to the spot where Mr. Clements descended.

Following his example, and taking a seat on the grass near him the old man continued his tale. I give it in his own words.

"Well, sir; when we found we could not persuade him to let one of us go down in his place, father, as usual, secured a crow-bar into the earth, a few feet from the edge of the cliff; and then twining the rope once round it, in order to give us the steadier hold on Mr. Clements, fastened it under his arms. We then made him change his coat for one of our frocks, such as you see the common people wear in these parts; and taught him how to put his feet steadily against the side of the cliff—as it were thus; and made him take the rope between his hands just above the knot, and told him to lean out from the rock as far as he could, and to work downwards with his feet, and to look up, and keep a watch out for the stones and rubbish which the rope might dislodge. We told him all this, sir; and bade him not be frightened at the birds, as they would not harm him;—the sun had set, sir; and they always make a horrid screeching if you go down the cliff after they are gone to roost;—and, that if he altered his mind, and wished to come back, he had only to give the rope a couple of pulls, and that we'd haul him up directly. 'No—no,' says Mr. Clements, 'there's no necessity for that. When I get to the bot om, wait for a quarter of an hour; if at the end of that time I give no signal for you to pull me up, you will know that the ladies are safe, and then make what haste you can, and get a boat from —. I am ready now,' says he, in a faint voice, and his teeth all the while chattering with fear. Never was a man so frightened as he was at that moment. Well, sir, father and I once more lifted the rope, and Mr. Clements leaned back over the edge of the cliff. Down he went. We soon lost sight of him.

"Working with his feet, as father had told him, we slowly supplying out rope as he required it, he moved safely down for a bit; then he rested on a jutting rock. All this time he kept his eyes fixed on the sky. Pressing cautiously with his feet against the chalk; his body almost at right-angles with the cliff; his hands grasping the rope, or sheltering his face from the shower of stones and dirt which it dislodged. He had got about a hundred feet from the top, when, suddenly slipping from the cliff, his chest and face were flung violently against it. He endeavoured to regain his footing against the rocks, and in so doing broke through a resolution which he had formed, and looked beneath him. It is a rare sight that for the first time. Well do I remember how my head swam as I looked at the water far far below; and the waves that one could see, but not hear, as they broke over the shingles. Presence of mind, on which Mr. Clements so vaunted himself, where was it then? He was about to pull the rope; but he thought of his poor wife, and one thought of her was enough. On he went. To regain a footing was impossible. Father and I kept gradually lowering the rope; and, with his face to the cliff; his hands outstretched, catching at each object as he passed; enveloped in a shower of chalk and stones, which he had not the strength to avoid; gasping and panting for breath, poor Mr. Clements slid down for about another hundred feet. Here the cliff arched inwards, forming an immense hollow, like yonder rock, twist heaven and earth, down he went. At one moment the wide ocean met his dizzy gaze; at another, flocks of the startled birds flew around his head, uttering their shrill and angry cries. Again, sir, he found himself sliding down against the side of the cliff, his flesh all sore and torn, and his body and arms in absolute torture from the pressure of the rope. Again in agony he made a frantic effort to regain a footing; but, in doing so, fastened one of his legs in a narrow fissure, or opening in the rock. Vain was the struggle to release it, sir; Mr. Clements was either too weak and faint, or the limb too firmly secured in the rock. All his efforts were useless; and— I shudder at the bare recollection while I tell it—we continued to supply the rope! Hanging by his leg, head downwards, there he lay; the cormorants and sew-mews fitting around him, and joining in his frightful shrieks."

"Horrible! was he long thus?"

"Not long, sir. Father soon discovered that there was no weight or pull upon the rope; and, judging from his experience of what had occurred, we raised it a few feet, and released Mr. Clements from his painful situation. From this moment, he told me, he was unconscious as to whether he was ascending or descending, until he heard his name called in a faint voice. He opened his eyes. We had lowered him over the arch of an immense cavern, within which all was darkness. The sea was rolling in beneath him; his feet touched it; he felt that he must either swim or drown; he feebly grasped the rope; a thrill of joy ran through his veins as he found an unexpected footing on a rock concealed by the waves in about three feet water; the depth around for the present mattered not. He remained for a few moments motionless on the rock. His name was again called; it sounded from within the cave."

"Extricating himself from the rope, he made an effort to swim; found that he had more strength than he had thought,—swam forward through the darkness up the cavern; struggled—sank—rose again—heard his name called louder and nearer,—made one effort more—felt the sand, the smooth sand, under his feet,—staggered forward,—reeled, and fell, exhausted, into the arms of his wife."

"And his sister!"

"The ladies were both there, sir. The cavern was about fifty feet in depth, sloping upwards towards the back, and partly filled with weeds, stones, and sand. Here Mrs. Clements and her sister had been driven to take refuge by the rising tide. They had landed from the boat on the rocks, at some distance below the cave, in the hope of finding a pathway or outlet, by which they could escape up the cliff. After a long and hopeless search, they bethought them of the boat; and, to their extreme terror, found that it had been carried away by the rising tide, which now partly covered the rocks. They had just time to climb into the cavern over the fallen rocks under the arch, when the waters sweeping in, closed up all entrance to any but a swimmer. Although the tide was fast rising, the ladies cheered each other with the hope that they should escape. Fortunately the darkness at the back of the cavern was sufficient to prevent their discovering the height to which the water usually rose."

"As you may imagine, Mr. Clements was some time before he recovered his senses. His wife was kneeling beside him, chafing his brows, when her sister, starting up, called their attention to the rope by which he had descended. We were pulling it up; and he shook his head as it disappeared over the arch of the cavern. 'Well he knew how useless it would have been for them to use it.' 'It matters not,' he said; 'they (meaning us) have gone to —. We shall have boats here soon; we are safe—quite safe,' and so on, endeavoring to keep their spirits up, while he well knew that in the darkness the chances were that the boat would never find the cave."

"Two hours, sir,—two long hours passed on in this way, and Mr. Clements had given up all hope. The water kept rising and rising, till at last the waves broke at their feet, and each instant threatened destruction. The ladies were almost dead with fear and cold, when a large, heavy, Dutch-built boat—you don't see such now, sir,—swept, with scarcely a sound, under the arch into the cavern, her prow coming in close upon the spot where Mr. Clements and the ladies were. They did not hear her until she was within the cave; and no wonder, for the oars were muffled, and those who were in her were as silent as the grave. It was part of the cargo of a French smuggler, lying a few miles off, that her crew, assisted by some of the fishermen, were about to land, and they had taken shelter in the cavern, having been alarmed at the approach of a boat up the coast. Fortunately was it that Mr. Clements prevented the ladies from calling out for assistance from them—"

"Why, I should have thought a such a moment that even smugglers —"

"Not they, sir,—not they; and Mr. Clements knew it. Desperate men like them would have left the poor things to drown, or have murdered them. No; Mr. Clements knew better. He tried at last and a danger-

ous chance; but it was his only one. Listen, sir: while the men had their heads turned to the opening of the cavern, watching the boat pass, the sight of which had driven them into it, he lifted the ladies gently into the end of the boat. They couldn't hear him for the noise of the waves; there was plenty of room for them, and he drew a sail over them, and was just stepping in himself after them, when one of the men turned, and he had only time to conceal himself under the bows of the boat before she was again moving silently out of the cave with, as her crew little suspected, the addition of two to their number since she had entered it."

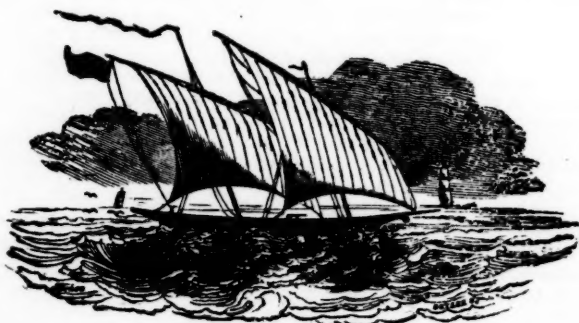
"They went about a quarter of a mile under the cliff, and landed a boy, who disappeared like a cat up the rocks. A dead silence ensued; no one ventured to speak; the men rested on their oars, and the boat gently rose and sank on the waves. At last the silence was broken; something dark was hurled down the cliff at a short distance from the boat. It fell heavily on the rocks. 'God forgive him, he's tossed him over,' muttered one of the men. And so it was, sir. The poor man on the look-out was asleep near the top of the cliff; and we often hear of these men rolling over in their sleep. There's always a reason for it, sir. They were going to land their cargo, when they heard a gun in the offing from one of the King's cutters. The alarm had been given. Not a moment was to be lost; and, straining every nerve, they bore out to sea."

"They were about two miles from the shore, when some of the men declared it was a lost job, and that they could go no farther. Mrs. Clements was quite senseless with cold and exhaustion, but her sister listened eagerly to what the men said. They had some angry words, but the meaning of their conversation she could not understand. There was a little boat astern of the larger one, which they drew to it, and entered one by one, the last man calling out as he stepped in—'Now then, boys, pull for your lives; they'll make after us when they find they've lost their prize.'"

"The boat had disappeared in the surrounding darkness before the terrified lady comprehended all; and then, sir, in a moment the frightful truth flashed upon her. The devils had scuttled the boat, and it was sinking fast. She said one prayer, and turned to kiss her sleeping sister, when Mr. Clements's voice sounded almost at her side! There he was, sir,—there he was, in the self-same little pleasure-boat which had been the cause of all their misfortunes. He had just time to lift the ladies out of the boat, and to get clear of her, when she went down. The revenue-cutter came up, and took them on board all alive; but many months passed before Mrs. Clements recovered the events of that dreadful night."

"What became of Mr. Clements when they left him in the cave?"

"He held on to the boat for a few minutes till they got outside, and then swam to the rocks, where he found the little pleasure-boat, and entering it, followed in the track of the larger vessel in time to save the life of Mrs. Clements and that of her sister. The sun is setting, sir," said the samphire gatherer, touching his hat to me. "I must be going homewards. Mayhap," he added, as he turned away on his path, "one of these days, when you are strolling on the rocks below, sir, you will look at the cavern where Mr. Clements found his wife. You can imagine much better than I can describe what must have been their feelings in such a place, and at such a time. Good evening, sir."



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1839.

MR. WILLIS'S SECOND LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

It will be rather "sharp practice" to get another letter to Liverpool before the departure of the steamer, but I will write you a short one at a venture, and trust to the twopenny post and rail-road.

To begin where I left off in my letter of yesterday, would be to talk to you on the much ridiculed pleasures of travellers' meals—yet after a sea-voyage it should be admissible, I think, to speak with enthusiasm of asparagus and cauliflowers. I should like to make a modest record, besides, of the civility of the maid of the Inn, but though it was a pleasure to be waited on with a smile and courtesy once more, that too, brings down the whip of the virtuous critic. Leaving Cicely and the breakfast without an historian therefore, I must present myself to you as one of the "insides" of the Regulator—a gay, blue coach with purple wheels, picked out with red, for well-groomed bob tails, and "V. R., The Regulator," printed in gold letters on the pannel. Whether it was meant for a plain Cockney assertion, or simply "by the authority of Victoria Regina," has

probably been matter of grave discussion at the White Horse cellar in Piccadilly.

The first few miles out of Portsmouth form one long alley of ornamented cottages—woodbine creeping and roses flowering over them all. If there were but two between Portsmouth and London, two even of the meanest we saw—a traveller from any other land would think it worth his while to describe them minutely. As there are two thousand, (more or less) they must pass with a bare mention. Yet I became conscious of a new feeling in seeing these rural paradises, and I record it as the first point in which I find myself worse for having become a "dweller in the shade." I was envious. Formerly, in passing a tasteful retreat, or a fine manor, I could say "what a bright lawn! What a trim and fragrant hedge! What luxuriant creepers! I congratulate their fortunate owner!" Now it is "how I wish I had that hedge at Glenmary! How I envy these people their shrubs, trellices, and flowers!" I wonder not a little how the English Emigrant can make a home among our unsightly stumps that can ever breed a forgetfulness of all these refined ruralities.

After the first few miles, I discovered that the two windows of the coach were very limited frames for the rapid succession of pictures presented to my eye, and changing places with William, who was on the top of the coach, I found myself between two Tory politicians, setting forth to each other most eloquently the mal-administrations of the Whigs, and the Queen's mismanagement. As I was two months behind the English news, I listened with some interest. They made out to their own satisfaction that the Queen was a silly girl, that she had been caught in a decided fib about Sir Robert Peel's exactions with respect to the household, and one of the Jeremiahs who seemed to be a sturdy grazier, said that in 'high life the Queen Dowager's 'ealth was now received universally with three times three, while Victoria's was drank in solemn silence. Her Majesty received no better treatment at the hands of a Whig on the other end of the seat, and as we whirled under the long park fence of Claremont, the country palace of Leopold and the Princess Charlotte, he took the pension of the Belgian King for the burden of his lamentation, and, between Whig and Tory, England certainly seemed to be in a bad way. This Claremont, it will be remembered by the readers of D'Israeli's novels, is the original of the picture of the luxurious *maison de plaisance*, drawn in the Young Duke.

We got glimpses of the old palace at Esher, of Hampton Court, of Pitt's country seat at Putney, and of Jane Porter's cottage at Esher, and in the seventh hour from leaving Portsmouth (74 miles) we found the vehicles thickening, the omnibuses passing, the blue-coated policemen occurring at short intervals, and the roads delightfully watered—symptoms of suburban London. We skirted the privileged paling of Hyde Park, and I could see, over the rails, the flying and gay-coloured equipages, the dandy horsemen, the pedestrian ladies followed by footmen with their gold sticks, the fashionable throng in short, which, separated by an iron barrier from all contact with unsightliness and vulgarity, struts its hour in this green cage of aristocracy.

Around the triumphal arch opposite the Duke of Wellington's, was assembled a large crowd of carriages and horsemen. The Queen was coming from Buckingham Palace through the Green Park, and they were waiting for a glimpse of her Majesty on horseback. The Regulator whirled mercilessly on, but far down, through the long avenues of trees, I could see a movement of select liveries, and a party coming rapidly towards us on horseback. We missed the Queen by a couple of minutes.

It was just the hour when all London is abroad, and Piccadilly was one long cavalcade of splendid equipages on their way to the Park. I remembered many a face, and many a crest, but either the faces had beautified in my memory, or three years had done Time's pitiless work on them all. Near Devonshire House I saw, fretting behind the slow-moving press of vehicles, a pair of magnificent and fiery blood horses, drawing a coach, which, though quite new, was of a colour and picked out with a peculiar stripe that was familiar to my eye. The next glance convinced me that the livery was that of Lady Blessington; but, for the light chariot in which she used to drive, here was a stately coach—for the one tall footman, two—for the plain but elegant harness, a sumptuous and superb caparison—the whole turn-out on a scale of splendour unequalled by any thing around us. Another moment decided the doubt—for as we came against the carriage, following, ourselves, an embarrassed press of vehicles, her Ladyship appeared, leaning back in the corner with her wrists crossed, the same in the grace of her attitude and the elegance of her toilette, but stouter, more energetic, and graver in the expression of her face than I ever remembered to have seen her. From the top of the stage coach I looked, unseen, directly down upon her, and probably got, by chance, a daylight and more correct view of her face and countenance as Time has left them, than I should obtain in a year of opera and drawing-room observation. We passed her and in two minutes were at Hatchett's, where we were to be set down—but in those two minutes I had read myself a most contemplative homily on the impartial and resistless change and records of Time and Pleasure.

Tired and dusty, we were turned from Hotel to Hotel, all full and overflowing, and finding at last a corner at Raggett's in Dover-street, we dressed, dined, and posted to Woolwich. Unexpected and mournful news closed our first day in England with tears.

I drove up to London the second day after our arrival, and having a little "Grub-street" business, made my way to the purlieus of Publishers in Paternoster Row. If you could imagine a paper-mine, with a very deep-cut shaft laid open to the surface of the earth, you might get some idea of Ivy Lane. One walks along through its dim subterranean light, with no idea of breathing the proper atmosphere of day and open air. A strong smell of new books in the nostrils, and one long stripe of blue sky much farther off than usual, are the predominant impressions. I stopped at a window near the old chop-house, celebrated by the visits of Johnson and Goldsmith, in Ivy Lane, and seeing my own name on the title page of a very smart-looking book, I stepped in and asked to look at it. "Pencilings by the Way," with four flourishing embellishments! The Gipsy of Sardis by Weigall stood for the frontispiece, representing my old friend as just appearing through the curtains of her mother's tent, the ruins of Sardis in the back-ground, etc. etc.—very beautifully drawn and engraved, but, oh Maimuna! what *would* you have said to such a caricature of your Asiatic and beautiful features! A very clever picture of the Pasha's tithe gatherers (whom I met in a stroll on the shore near Abydos), a drawing of the masquerade in the time of the cholera at Paris, and my German friend at Vienna, eating ham after a daylight parting with her lover, were the remaining subjects. The book was very well printed in one volume, and (the bibliopole said) sold well. Now see the effect of our robberies of English authors. This new edition, but for our defective law of copyright, would have been precisely £300 in my pocket. I would thank Congress to pay me my losses while they take time to consider whether a man's property is his own!

From the dens of the Publishers, I wormed my way through the crowds of Cheapside and the Strand, toward that part of London which, as Horace Smith says, is "open at the top." Something in the way of a ship's fender, to save the hips and elbows, would sell well I should think to pedestrians in London. What crowds, to be sure! On a Sunday in New York, when all the churches are pouring forth their congregations at the same moment, you have seen a faint image of the Strand. The style of the hack cabriolets is very much changed since I was in London. The passenger sits about as high up from the ground as he would in a common chair—the body of the vehicle suspended from the axle instead of being placed upon it, and the wheels very high. The driver's seat would suit a sailor, for it answers to the ship's tiller, well astern. He whips over the passenger's head. I saw one or two private vehicles built on this principle, certainly one of safety, though they have something the *beauty* of a prize hog.

The new National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, not finished when I left England, opened upon me as I entered Charing Cross, with what I could not but feel was a very fine effect, though critically its "pepper-boxity" is not very creditable to the architect. Fine old Northumberland House, with its stern lion a-top on one side, the beautiful Club House on the other, St. Martin's noble Church and the Gallery, with such a fine opening in the very *cor cordium* of London, could not fail of producing a noble Metropolitan view.

The street in front of the Gallery was crowded with carriages, shewing a throng of visitors within, and mounting the imposing steps (the loftiness of the vestibule dropping plump as I paid my shilling entrance), I found myself in a hall whose extending lines of pillars ran through the entire length of the building, offering to the eye a truly noble perspective. Off from this capital hall to the right and left lay the galleries of antique and modern paintings, and the latter were crowded with the fair and fashionable mistresses of the equipages without. You will not care to be bothered with criticisms on pictures, and mine was a cursory glance—but a delicious, full length portrait of a noble lady by Grant, whose talent is now making some noise in London, a glorious painting of Van Amburgh among his lions by Edwin Landseer, and a portrait of Miss Pardoe in a Turkish costume, with her pretty feet coiled under her on a Persian carpet, by Pickersgill, are among those I remember. I found a great many acquaintances in the Gallery, and I was sitting upon a bench with a lady who pointed out to me a portrait of Lord Lyndhurst in his chancellor's wig and robes, a very fine picture of a man of sixty or thereabouts. Directly between me and it, as I looked, sidled a person with his back to me, cutting off my view very provokingly. "When this dandy gets out of the way with his eye-glass," said I, "I shall be able to see the picture." My friend smiled. "Who do you take the dandy to be?" It was a well-formed man, dressed in the top of the fashion, with a very straight back, curling brown hair, and the look of perhaps thirty years of age. As he passed on and I caught his profile, I saw it was Lord Lyndhurst himself! A new wife, a new brown wig, and a very youthful hat and neckcloth had been to him the well of Canathos. His youth was renewed. On his

arm leaned the former Miss Goldsmith, now Lady Lyndhurst, a small pale woman, dressed very gaudily; and without flattery, the most noble couple would have passed for a comedian from the Surrey at — pleasuring with the tragic heroine.

N. P. W.

DIARY IN AMERICA—BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

We have been exceedingly surprised in the perusal of this clever off-hand work, which proves to be of a very different character from what most readers had expected, and from what many will still expect to find it, after reading the following passage of the introduction:—

"If I admit that after the usage they had received, the Americans are justified in not again tendering their hospitality to the English, I cannot, at the same time, but express my opinion as to their conduct to me personally. They had no right to insult and annoy me in the manner they did from nearly one end of the Union to the other, either because my predecessors had expressed an unfavourable opinion of them before my arrival, or because they expected that I would do the same upon my return to my own country. I remark upon this conduct not from any feeling of ill-will or desire of retaliation, but to compel the Americans to admit that I am under no obligations to them; that I received from them much more of insult and outrage than of kindness; and consequently that the charge of ingratitude cannot be laid to my door, however offensive to them some of the remarks in this work may happen to be."

Here we have a strong issue joined between the author of Jacob Faithful and the American People. The case we thought looked pretty bad for the defendants—for the plaintiff was both pleader and judge in his own cause. Alack! thought we, that the United States of North America should ever have got itself in such a hobble! Will none of the Powers of Europe interfere? Will France our Ally—will Prussia our powerful friend look calmly on, and see our young and promising Empire struggling in the jaws of this devouring Briton? Is there no refuge, no resource from the wrath of this Islander who thus thinks himself warranted in bolting a whole Nation at a meal for their misdoings toward him? Rash and unthinking people! what blind fury, what mad self-confidence could have impelled you to so unequal a contest! Your only safety now lies in the clemency of your antagonist, who, happily for the destinies of the Republic, turns out not to be wanting in the quality of mercy.

In a word, the worthy Captain has let us off very handsomely, at least for a season; for two more volumes of his work are to succeed the present one. To be sure he hammers away at Democracy like a true Tory, but his flings are rarely ill-natured, he eschews all personalities, and though the serpent of malice may now and then peep from beneath the flowers of his wit, it is but with a momentary and furtive glance—so slight or so sly that one doubts whether there be really any serpent there at all. And, indeed, we can say one thing of our entertaining author, that of all the charges which he prefers against our countrymen either openly or by innuendo, there is not one of so grave a character as that which he unthinkingly brings against himself in the thirtieth chapter of his work—a chapter, by the way, which both in its serious and humorous parts is written in the best style of the author of Japhet. The grave offence against propriety to which we allude, is where Captain Marryat, R. N., holds an interview with a body of American Indians within the precincts of an American Fort for the alleged purpose of purchasing a dress; and proclaiming himself to them as an "English warrior," takes the opportunity of tampering with their faith toward the United States! The hospitality of our officers upon the Border is open as the day, and their generous frankness is always exhibited toward a brother soldier, who may chance to wander that way, no matter what flag he may be serving under. But we do not know what may be the effect of the following passages upon such intercourse in future when they come to be read at Fort Snelling, and commented upon in the Indian Department at Washington. We should be sorry, though, if because one British officer has forgotten himself amid the frankness of military hospitality, others more considerate should suffer from his—(we use the most gentle tone)—*heedlessness*.

But to the interview in question. Capt. Marryat, while a guest at the American Garrison at St. Peters, repairs to a room in the factory of the American Fur Company, where under the guns of the Fort, there established for the control of the Indians, he holds the following talk with a band of Sioux resident within the boundaries of the United States:—

The Captain loquitor—"I receive with great pleasure the dress which you have given me—I know that you do not like to part with it, and that you have refused the *Americans* at the fort; and I therefore value it the more. I shall never look upon it when I am on the other side of the Great Waters without thinking of my friends the Sioux; and I will tell my Nation that you gave it to me because I was an English warrior, and because you liked the English."

"Ho!" grunted the whole conclave when this was interpreted.

"I am very glad that you do not forget the English, and that you say they keep their word and that their rifles and blankets are good. I know that the blankets of the Americans are thin and cold. (I did not think it worth while to say that they were all made in England). We have buried the hatchet now; but, should the tomahawk be raised again between the

Americans and the English, you must not take part with the Americans."

"Ho!" said they, and thus ended my first Indian council.

Now we have neither Vattel nor Bourlamaqui beside us to refer to, but we shrewdly suspect that according to the law of nations as laid down in those authorities, Captain Marryat did something more than infringe upon the freedom of military hospitality by this little conventicle which *Author Marryat* serves up so coolly for the amusement of his readers. We could not be guilty of mentioning the name of an author, in whose writings we take the most especial delight, in the same sentence with those of *Arbuthnot* and *Ambriestre*; but this matter of foreigners tampering with the Indians within our boundaries is a ticklish business. Especially when those foreigners are men who bear commissions from the government at home, and who may, for aught we know, be officially engaged upon some secret service here. Good as the scene is, we think upon the whole, Captain, it had better have been left out of the book. The regular course of promotion is the most creditable means of rising in your profession in time of peace.

This little bit of questionable diplomacy is about the only thing to which we can take grave exception in the whole Diary, as we have it before us, for its occasional exaggerations and extravagancies are always amusing, and there is much of shrewd observation and just remark to compensate for less than the ordinary English leaven of prejudice and misconception. The most often repeated charge which the worthy Captain brings against us is that of drinking to excess, and we are continually pained throughout the book to find how often his *anti-convivial* habits are offended by the flowing goblets that are pressed upon him. He tells us that they sit too long at table in Boston, and throughout the Union Americans get so tipsy that the whole Republic reels, and staggers from morn till night. He would fain make his readers believe that it would kill him to drink half as much as the most moderate of our wine bibbers, and as for Juleps and Gin Cocktails, if all that are drank in one day were collected in one great reservoir, our little Navy might swim in it. Ah, Captain, was it well of you to play thus into the hands of the Tee-totalers and cold water people—you who know so well how much wit and humour lurk in the bottom of the bowl when once you have emptied it—you who by frequent diving have brought up more bright thoughts from its ruby depths than were ever pearls collected from the flashing brine—you for whom the mint has sprouted by many a gurgling runnel—the ice congealed upon many a transparent pool—you for whom the Indian spirit imprisoned in the sugar cane, and the water of life that dwelleth in the crushed peach, have so often mingled their delights in many a nectarous draught—was it well of you, Captain, to abuse the tide upon which you so loved to float your shallop when amongst us? This is the only really unkind cut in your whole book! But we forgive and pardon you. The good things of yours we have heard repeated as they were collected at a thousand symposia are still too fresh in recollection for us to think of present offences; though we should as soon have expected some Cocktail ghost or giant Julep Phantom to call out to us from the place of departed spirits, as to hear you lift the voice of oburgation upon this score.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER, DATED

London, July 6th.

I saw Wallack yesterday. He is going to follow the example of Macready, Vandenhoff, and others, and play a *star* engagement at the Surrey Theatre. He will there bring out Willis's new play of *Tortosa*. We are anxious to see what your papers in New York speak so well of. Wallack's success in your city seems to have increased his popularity here, and he will make a crack engagement no doubt at the Surrey. This Theatre you may know is "over the water" and suburban, but a nice little box of a house it is, and well attended from the Westminster side when there is sufficient attraction. It was there that some of Miss Mitford's plays have been first produced.

THE SEA SERPENT.—This fashionable summer sojourner on our Eastern coasts made his first appearance near Nahant some weeks since. In the selection of that delightful sea view for making his devoirs to admiring spectators, his snakeship discovers much taste and tack. He is sure of a courteous reception from those awaiting his arrival, and has never failed in giving satisfaction to all who have recounted his performances. More recently he has gone down as far as Kennebec, and exchanged compliments with the fishermen there. He does not seem to have changed his togery for some years back, for we find his admirers employ the same graphic description of his person that was wont to be used on his very first advent. "A long row of hogsheads tied together" is the old similitude, and so completely does this *re-son* to describe "the order of his going" that a mock Serpent would be of easy construction, and we commend the pattern to our friend Placide on his next personation of the monster. If we do not mistake, the "old Serpent" has grown somewhat, for he is now reputed to be 300 feet in length, and we had been led to believe 200 was an average estimate, but he was probably "just out," and in his youth,

when first seen, and had not yet fully unfolded his length of tail. Our citizens have been gazing in wonder and astonishment all the week, at the great British Steamers, but if our Kennebec friends would but whisper in the ear of their visitant that we are dying to see him also, he might be induced to come into the Hudson, when our joy would be complete. Atlantic Steamers and the real Sea Serpent in one season would be almost too much for us; yet if he will but "call round" we promise him civil treatment,—the freedom of the city, and castle garden for a reception room.

COLMAN'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY, and HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE, for August, are both out in good season and in good style. These monthlies are of the same age, and come to us laden with the fruits of industry and taste. Although but young they betoken the vigor of age, and we learn they are both enjoying the most encouraging patronage.

PROFESSOR COMBE'S LECTURES.—The editors of the New Yorker, believing they could not give their numerous readers a more entertaining and grateful variety, have published, from week to week, faithful reports of Prof. Combe's lectures, as delivered in this city during the past winter. It is understood that they have been carefully revised by the learned Professor, and they afford to all lovers of this science a complete epitome of its details. They are contained in sixteen numbers of the New Yorker, and may be had at the office of that paper for one dollar.

PERSONAL NEWS.

A gentleman named Pitt has come to this country as a special agent of the United States Post Office, the object of his mission being to obtain such particulars as he may be able from the Post Office in London, with a view to the establishment of a uniform penny postage throughout the States.—*Morning Post.*

THE "HISSING" FABRICATION.—We are authorised "to give the most positive denial to a report which has been inserted in most of the public papers (it originated in the Post), that the Countess of Lichfield informed the Queen that the Duchess of Montrose and Lady Sarah Ingestrie hissed her Majesty on the race-course at Ascot. Lady Lichfield never insinuated or countenanced any such report, and there could have been no foundation for so unjust an accusation." We have already stated in this paper our belief that there was no foundation for the charge.—*Times.*

The Earl and Countess of Durham, accompanied by Viscount and the Ladies Lambton, have made arrangements to leave town on Monday next for Cowes, Isle of Wight, where, after passing a few weeks, the earl and countess and their family purpose to proceed to Lambton Castle, with the intention to reside at that seat until the re-assembling of Parliament.

The Marquis of Anglesey has left the Thames, in his fine yacht the Pearl, accompanied by his three sons, the Lords Alfred, George, and Clarence Paget, for Cronstadt, *en route*, to St. Petersburg.

Drury Lane Theatre is yet without a lessee, Mr. Blake, the American manager, having "backed out" on Wednesday.—*London Paper.*

GEORGE ROBINS, THE GREAT AUCTIONEER OF LONDON.—A circumstance has just arrested our attention, that we need hardly remark is without a parallel case. Mr. George Robins, through whose instrumentality half the landed property in England has changed hands, announces in our columns, simultaneously, first 50,000 acres of land in America; then a villa and lands with 1,500 acres, the favoured residence of Tuscany, and not far removed from Florence, by the English traveller designated "The Italian Paradise;" then follows 600 acres of land in Brittany, especially adapted to successful emigration, and lastly, (as it were to consummate all his proud ambition,) a little castle and 400 acres of land, approaching the famed City of Athens, commanding all its ancient grandeur and looking upon the Acropolis—the Academus of Plato—the Mount Hymettus and Pentelicus—the Piræus—Salamis—and indeed, all the islands of the Ægean Sea. This is indeed a new era in the vocation of an auctioneer.—*The Sun.*

The Queen continues her equestrian exercise almost daily, in which she is always attended by Miss Quentin, the daughter of Sir George Quentin. This young lady, though holding no specific appointment in the royal household, might very properly be styled equestrian lady-in-waiting, as it is her duty to prepare and train the horses destined for her Majesty's own use, assist her Majesty in mounting and dismounting—in short, to perform all the *petits soins* usually performed by attendant cavaliers on maidens of lesser degree. Miss Quentin is a first-rate horsewoman, and has trained five horses for the special use of the Queen. She rides from Kew, every morning, to attend her Majesty.—*Cheltenham Looker-on.*

AN ETHEREAL VISITANT.—She—(i. e. Taglioni, as deified by the goddess-maker, in the *Morning Post*)—seemed to anticipate that etherealization of female beauty, which Tom Moore has told us is to increase the felicity

city of mankind in a sublimer planet than that which we at present inhabit. Indeed, the enrapt spectators could not be satisfied that she was a creature of mere mortal mould till they had called her twice before the curtain at the conclusion of the ballet!

FRANCE.—French politicians are almost entirely occupied with "the Eastern question." The Chamber of Deputies, by a majority of 287 to 26, have voted ten millions of francs, required by the Minister of Marine to defray the cost of increasing the navy. The disposition to take advantage of the war between the Turks and Egyptians to aggrandize their country, seems to prevail in the breast of every Frenchman. It is manifest that they desire to maintain the independence of Egypt, with the design, at the death of MEHEMET ALI, of extending their dominion into that coveted portion of Africa.

The trial of the prisoners before the Court of Peers is proceeding. The accused receive hard measure from the judges and prosecutors. At the Sunday's sitting of the Court, when a witness was at a loss to identify BARRES, one of the leaders in the insurrection, a gendarme assisted his memory or invention, by pointing to the person it was his object to recognize: the Procureur-General and the President of the Court wished to get the witness and the gendarme out of the difficulty; but Count MONTALIVET exclaimed—"Don't justify it." Very little interest seems to be excited by the progress of the trial, or its probable results.

FRENCH STEAMERS.—We learn from Paris that M. Conte, Director of the Post-office, has presented to the government a project for the establishment of steam-packets between Bordeaux and New York. According to this scheme twelve packets, of 450 horse-power, are to be employed upon this service.

TURKEY AND EGYPT.—The news from Constantinople and the seat of war, for such it has become, in Syria, is important and interesting. The Turkish Sultan has openly declared war against Egypt. The grand Mufti was conducted on the 9th of June in state to the Sublime Porte, and was asked, in the usual form, whether it was lawful to go to war, and what punishment ought to be inflicted on the Sultan's rebellious vassals? The Mufti replied that the war was justifiable, and therefore he presented a fetva or formal sentence to that effect. The manifesto of war issued by the Sultan was read in the mosques of Constantinople on the 14th of June. The Sultan has been furnished with ample funds from some unknown source; and has discharged nearly all the arrears due to his sailors and soldiers.

An engagement has taken place between the Turks and an advanced guard of Egyptians. The latter retreated in good order before a very superior Turkish force. The main army of the Egyptians advanced from Aleppo, to sustain the advanced guard.

It is said that MEHEMET ALI has despatched positive orders to IBRAHIM not to risk a general engagement; but it was suspected that as the two armies were moving towards each other, a battle would be fought before MEHEMET's order, if really sent and intended to be acted upon, would be received.

The Turkish fleet was seen in the Dardanelles on the 18th of June; and a portion of the naval armament of Egypt is cruising off the coast of Syria.

RAILROADS.—One of the most stupendous works of modern times is a projected railroad from Venice to Milan, connecting the seven richest and most populous cities of Italy with each other—Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, Brescia, and Milan; the most gigantic portion will be the bridge over the Lagoons, connecting Venice with the main land. The length of the railroad will be 166 Italian (about the same in English) miles, passing through a population of 3,500,000, the seven cities having alone a population of 500,000—viz.: Venice, 120,000, Padua, 44,000, Vicenza, 50,000, Verona, 46,000, Mantua, 34,000, Brescia, 42,000, and Milan, 180,000 inhabitants, to which may be added 20,000 foreigners in Venice and Milan. It is calculated the transport, when completed, will average 1,800 persons, 1,500 tons of goods, and 1,000 tons of coals daily.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

REMARKABLE THUNDER-STORM IN LONDON—July 8th.—Last night, between nine and ten o'clock, the neighbourhood of the metropolis was visited with one of the severest thunder-storms that has occurred for many years. The sky had looked dark and threatening for some hours previously, especially towards the west and north, where the horizon was of a uniform dull yellow, as if charged with electric matter; the heat also was most oppressive, and there was not wind enough to stir a leaf. About eight o'clock a few heavy drops fell, and shortly afterwards the storm commenced. The lightning, which was chiefly in the west, was remarkable, not only for its duration and intense brilliancy, but for its being almost wholly unaccompanied by thunder. With the exception of one terrific peal which seemed crashing right overhead, there was scarcely any thunder; and what little there was, was evidently, from its faint muttering sound, at a great distance. The storm was at its height about half-past nine o'clock, at which hour the blue, ghastly sheet lightning, followed momentarily by forked flashes of a bright glowing red, like red-hot steel, and which

darted, not as is usually the case, in a zig-zag manner, but perpendicularly down from the clouds, presented a spectacle of sublimity quite tropical in its character. We know not indeed that we ever beheld such lightning. Flash followed flash, with scarcely a minute's interval, for upwards of two hours, when the storm gradually died away. We fear it has done much mischief, and that we shall hear of the loss of human life: for about six or eight miles from London, in the direction of Hounslow, it must have raged with uncommon violence.

Another paper states that many houses were struck by the lightning, and a number of lives lost in the vicinity of London.

ANOTHER LIFE BOAT INVENTION.

What with India Rubber belts and Life Boats the occupation of "The Humane Society" must soon be gone; so far at least as resuscitating half drowned persons is concerned. FRANCIS, who in this country at least, has never been approached, even if he have a rival in Europe, for his inventions, has just completed a Life Boat upon a new plan, which is something beyond any thing that has been yet effected even by him.

He has been making a series of experiments since the exhibition at the Fair of the American Institute, in 1838, and a boat combining all his improvements was launched, manned, and rowed, in the Hudson on Thursday. Her qualities were then tested as follows: 1st. The bottom was opened and every exertion made to upset her without effect, in deep water. 2ly. She was pulled near the shore, with the bottom still open, and her crew by getting out and standing in the shallow water succeeded in turning her upside down. They then let go their hold, and the boat, of her own accord, instantly came back to her upright position. This we believe is the first time a boat upset ever came right side up, without the action of either winds or waves, or human aid, but *solely of her own accord*, in this country or any other.

The other improvements are a brass screw box, four inches in diameter, and four scuttles, thirteen inches by five, instead of the greater number of small holes to let the water out in the life boat built by Francis for the U. S. Revenue Cutter Hamilton, which recently saved so many lives in Boston Harbour.

This new life boat is valued at three hundred and fifty dollars, and we understand from Mr. Francis that he intends in a few days to offer her as a reward to any person or number of persons who, in deep water, will either put her upside down one second, or fill her by standing inside and bailing into her; or fill her by using a fire engine, or any other apparatus, or, as he expresses it, "swamp her by human power in storm or calm." The boat will be delivered at Castle Garden, or some other suitable place for trial.

This must be the *ne plus ultra* of Life Boats. The first boat built by Francis seemed pretty near perfection, but his improvements are not merely nominal, made to gull the public. They have been achieved at much expense and labour. He has rather hung back too in making his sales until he could render the Life Boat as perfect as possible. Still the orders from Government, the European packets, and our coasting steamers, have amounted in eighteen months to nearly as many thousand dollars, which proves, we think, that Francis must ultimately reap the fruits of his ingenious patent and most valuable labours.

THE ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT STEAM-SHIPS.—Since the visit of President Jackson to our city, no event has excited half the intense interest that has been created by the movements of these mighty ships. The Great Western reached us with her usual promptness, sailing on the 5th and arriving on the 22d. But she had been seen here and had before performed the wondrous feat. The British Queen was yet unknown to us. Her mighty dimensions we had learned, and we had seen her model exhibited in miniature; but like a sugar palace, it afforded but a vague idea of the magnificent original. Great, great was the joy in New York town, when on Sunday morning last, a gun was heard from the bay announcing her approach. Then might be seen from house top and battery the stupendous structure come booming into the glad waters of our rivers, and after passing up the Hudson a short distance, she wheeled, and re-passing the Battery took up her position in the East River along side of her successful compeer, the Great Western. The British Queen left London on the 10th and Portsmouth on the 12th, and reached Sandy Hook before daylight of the 28th.

So short was the time allowed to discharge her cargo and replenish with coal that it was impossible to give our citizens an opportunity of visiting her during her stay. Both vessels were announced to leave on the same day, (Thursday, Aug. 1.) Being prevented from gratifying a most natural and laudable curiosity, the entire population of New York seemed bent on improving the occasion of their departure to witness the movements of these two gallant steamers. Besides the four or five crowded steamboats that accompanied them down the bay—there was not an eminence commanding a view of the scene, that was not thronged with eager gazers, while the Battery, Castle Garden, Brooklyn Heights, and the whole range of wharves were completely occupied by the expectant multitudes.

At about 12 o'clock the Great Western left the wharf, and getting into the stream was soon under the influence of her engine, and passed majestically down the bay, where she seemed to loiter for the approach of her comrade. Half an hour elapsed and the vast multitude was in wild commotion, for the British Queen had left the pier and was pursuing the track of the Western. Gloriously and triumphantly she rode the passive element—gliding along under the gaze of thousands with all the ease and buoyancy of a fragile bark.

The British Queen has on board one hundred and three passengers, exclusive of children and servants, and the Great Western about sixty. Amongst the passengers are Gen. Hamilton of South Carolina, Mr. Vincent Nolte of New Orleans, Mrs. Papineau and family of Lower Canada; and the Hon. C. C. Cambreleng!

The packet ships Ontario for London, Orpheus for Liverpool, and Baltimore for Havre, and the transient ship Andromeda for Liverpool, also went to sea at about the same time.

AMERICAN PERSONAL NEWS.

PRESIDENT VAN BUREN and the SECRETARY OF STATE left Albany, on Wednesday, for Saratoga.

MR. CLAY was expected to arrive at the Springs about the same time. Politicians from every quarter are making haste to this fashionable watering-place, and the coming Presidential campaign will probably be so clearly defined that he that runs may read.

General SCOTT arrived at Buffalo on Sunday last. He awaits there the arrival of Mr. Poinsett, the Secretary of War; when the two are to consult and make arrangements for preservation of peace on the Canada frontier.

COM. ELLIOT. The court of inquiry in the case of Com. Elliot has adjourned without any opinion having been given of validity of the charges preferred against him.

LIEUT. MOORE has resigned his commission in the U. S. Navy, which has been officially accepted. This accomplished young officer has received the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Navy of Texas.

EX-GOVERNOR C. P. VANNES, of Vermont, late minister of Spain, appears to have returned to the practice of the law. He was recently at Montpelier arguing the release of Dr. Holmes, imprisoned there for a murder in Canada, of which province Holmes is a subject.

VENEZUELA CONSULATE.—John B. Purroy, of this city, has been appointed Consul for the Republic of Venezuela at New York, and he has been recognized as such by the President of the United States.

WILSON SMITH, formerly a well-known merchant of this city, died in Paris on the 1st of July.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW, one of our most popular writers is spending a few days in this city with his friends. His new work "Hyperion" will be published in a day or two by Colman. It is spoken of in the very highest terms by those who have enjoyed an opportunity of reading it.

MR. JOHN L. STENENS has completed his beautiful yacht. She was launched on Monday and is the admiration of every body. Her model is entirely new, and she promises to be the fastest thing that ever floated—impelled by wind alone.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The Taglionis have been the sole attraction of the week, and have sustained themselves in the high estimation which they acquired during their first engagement. After one or two nights more they will leave us for the British provinces, and on their return fulfil a farewell engagement previous to their departure for Europe, where in November they will resume their professional duties at Berlin.

The lovers of Music and the Drama are eagerly anticipating the coming novelties for the ensuing season. Both the Park and National will have a strong accession to their respective companies. The National is now undergoing repairs and improvements, and the whole interior will be beautified in a manner commensurate with the expectations of its friends. We do not hear that the Park is likely to follow the example in this respect. Perhaps Mr. Simpson thinks that old Drury cannot be improved. We do not know that it can be, but the attempt might be made, and possibly its decorations of some years standing might give way with advantage to something new. The effort to improve the house would at least evince the spirit and liberality of the manager, and in these days of rivalry such a disposition has great weight with the community.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

There is no falling off either in the attractions or number of visitants to this delightful garden,

LAW OF COPYRIGHT.—We extract the following from a capital Petition by Hood to the wisdom of Parliament on the subject of the law of Copyright.—

"That your petitioner hath two children, who look up to him not only as the author of the Comic Annual, but as the author of their being. That the effect of the law as regards an author is virtually to disinherit his next-of-kin, and cut him off with a book instead of a shilling. That your Petitioner is very willing to write for Posterity on the lowest terms, and would not object to the long credit, but that when his heir shall apply for payment to Posterity, he will be referred back to Antiquity. That as a man's hairs belong to his head, so his head should belong to his heirs; whereas, on the contrary, your Petitioner had ascertained, by a nice calculation, that one of his principal copyrights will expire on the same day that his only son should come of age. The very law of nature protests against an unnatural law which compels an author to write for everybody's posterity—except his own. Finally, whereas it has been urged 'if an author writes for Posterity, let him look to Posterity for his reward'—your Petitioner adopts that very argument, and on its very principle prays for the adoption of the bill introduced by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, seeing that by the present arrangement, Posterity is bound to pay everybody or anybody but the true creditor. And your Petitioner shall ever pray.—Signed, THOMAS HOOD.

FEMALE DRESS.

BY A BACHELOR.

Some Frenchman has remarked that no woman is ugly when she is dressed. This is a clever epigram, intended to convey, after the French manner, that a skilful attention to the setting off what is best, and the suppression of what is worst in any lady's appearance, will at least take away from her the reproach of ugliness. We do not consider this beneath the attention of the wise. We are well convinced that to direct our fair friends in general to pay more attention to dress would be a very superfluous piece of advice. We have reason to believe that, so far as exertion and devotedness go, they are quite unimpeachable on this head.

It is, however, one thing to be industriously attentive to any matter, and quite another to direct industry by the rules of science, and to govern attention by the suggestions of taste. We have no desire to enjoin our fair friends to pay more attention to dress, but we may venture to think it within the limits of credibility that they might make that attention more valuable. As to the Frenchman's suggestion for the avoidance of ugliness, that is a point in which, upon their own account, we know they can have no concern, for let them apply or misapply art as they will, nature will not permit them to look ugly. But then as nobody but such as are quite shocking agree with the poet that beauty is when unadorned adorned the most, even beauty may have some interest in considering dress as an important article of the fine arts. And again, even the beautiful may have friends who are not so, and to whom a little judicious advice now and then would be of no inconsiderable service. In short, whichever way we look at the case—either as they themselves are concerned, or as their friends may be, through their assistance—we would suggest that the artistic attention we refer to is founded in benevolence. Whether it be directed to the proper framing and *ajustement* of their own beauty, which is so delightful to behold, or to the mitigation and veiling of certain defects in their friends, which are *not* delightful to behold, the end is the same, namely, the increase of the sum of the happiness of society. If any one doubts that this is virtue, let the heretical person read the philosophical works of Jeremy Bentham, in nine volumes, large octavo.

Now for a little practical application of the philosophy upon which we have had the rashness to touch; we would in the first place—because we know our fair friends are persons of high spirit—advise them to dispute the *absolute* rule of fashion. The same thing—the same mode of putting it on—will not suit every body. Yet it is to be feared that for the most there is a rage for having the thing which is the fashion without taking into account whether it be really suitable or be not. But deviating from the fashion, or rebellion against it, must be managed with discretion. It is pleasant to be singular, but skill will show how much of the fashion may be adopted, so as to show it a certain amount of deferential homage, without going so far as to detract from these gifts of nature which it should be the object of dress to improve.

For example it may be laid down as a positive fact—at least we suppose it may—that it is not allotted to every beauty in the world to look best with her head dressed *à la Grisi*. There is a certain grandeur, and a certain simplicity of expression, to which it is well suited; but there are several varieties of beauty which we humbly opine it has a tendency to spoil. Nay, we have doubts whether *all* the studious and meditative are quite right in adopting this *severity* of head-dress to its full extent. We think we remember some such lines as these, which we always thought made rather a pretty picture:—

"As o'er that lake, in evening's glow,
The temple threw its length'ning shade,
Upon the marble steps below
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While by her side a youthful sage
Held back her ringlets, lest descending
They should o'ershadow all the page."

Now, though a mere utilitarian might deduce from this, that curls are apt to be in the way, yet as we are not of those who pretend that the essential idea of beauty is derived from a sense of utility, we deny the force of such pleading, and contend that the Corinthian maid in question would not have been so happily dressed if she had not had descending curls, or curls liable to descend. We are sure, at all events, that the "youthful sage" was of that opinion, and we very deferentially suggest that he was likely to know best.

Well, then, we would have persons to consider how much of the *ajustement à la Grisi* becomes them. If altogether—very well—so let it be. But, if not, why do not allow the mere novelty of the mode, or what is called the fashion of it, to induce you to discard the finest ringlets in the world, or to bring too much out, features which nature formed with a far more lovely expression than that of boldness.

By the way, whatever the Frenchman may say of the impossibility of his country *women* looking ugly when they are dressed, there is undoubtedly a fashion now of disfiguring French children, which is called dressing them, and which makes them look fifty times uglier than nature has made them, though the exertions of nature in that respect have been tolerably considerable. The poor little creatures look as if all their hair had been grasped up by some horrible straining engine, and dragged as nearly as possible off their head, in order to be screwed down in a knot at the back. It is as bad as a shaved head, with the addition of suggesting, by sympathy, a sense of pain from the violent dragging of the hair which is made perceptible. It is plain that there is something not exactly as it should be in the Government of the French, or this hideousness would ere now have been suppressed by statute or by *ordonnance*.

Now as to the very, very long gowns, which sweep not only ball-rooms, but promenades, in these times, it must be confessed that such as have unproductive ankles show a good taste in adopting them, and a laudable perseverance in encouraging their adoption by others.

We propose that any lady having a certificate from her doctor that the exposure of the smallest portion of instep or ankle would not be for the good of her health, should have a license to bury them in the oblivion of several yards of velvet, satin, or muslin, as the case may be; the license, however, not to extend so far as to give them an action of damages against trespassers upon their garments, if not approaching nearer than within three feet six inches of the wearers thereof.

It is not by any means our wish to see the *liberality* of some years ago imitated now, and we think all persons should so accommodate themselves to the fashion as to wear gowns which come down at least within sight of the ground; but assuredly the length to which these garments are now carried cannot be said to be necessary to more than a few, nor are they becoming to all.

As touching the highly important and interesting article of bonnets, it is not to be questioned that to some charming little heads, with faces radiant and brilliant as an opening rose on a bright June morning, the bonnet of the present day is extremely becoming; but it is equally certain that some countenances are more bewitching when shaded in the delightful mystery of a deep bonnet, destructive though it be to the prospects of *col-lateral* inquisitiveness.

In brief—for were we to touch upon all the points which start up before us, and not inappropriately either, to the present theme, we might talk on for hours—in brief, we would have our fair friends to proceed, in respect of dress, according to the analogy of Mr. Pope's advice about building and garden making—

"Consult the genius of the place in all."

Let those who dress consult the genius of the face in all, and not only this but the figure, and the natural air and disposition.

And this puts us in mind of a class of persons whose attention to dress is anything but skilful. They are generally on what is termed (perhaps erroneously) the wrong side of thirty-five, and being of a mathematical or arithmetical turn of mind, are betrayed into the following error. They know that the drawing-room beauty of a person of eighteen is made up partly of that freshness and brilliancy which belongs to youth, and partly of the dressing which is appropriate to that rosy time of life. Knowing also that with respect to themselves, one of the component parts of this beauty, to wit, the youthfulness, has unfortunately gone away, they think to wake up the same whole by adding to the youthfulness of dress. This may be very good arithmetic, but it is unquestionably bad dressing. The extremes meet, but they do not blend. They stand out in offensive contrast. The better plan would be to dress beyond "a certain age" rather than below it, as those of a dark complexion think it prudent to wear still darker clothes. As a point of art, therefore, the youthful dressing of those who are no longer youthful is an unmitigated mistake—as an affair of mental taste it is excessively odious—but we must not be too didactic. We are not quite sure, considering our age and gravity, that we ought to have ventured to talk about dress at all: *mais n'importe*; 'tis done now, and here is a stanza which any one may sing at us who is in the humour:—

"But Reason his head-dress so awkwardly wore
That Beauty now liked him still less than before;
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud)
She liked him still better in that than his own."

CHARLES KEAN.

Theatrical critics are so prone to commend all and every thing they hear and see, that we relish now and then a regular "cutting up," especially if there be cause shown why the lash should be summarily inflicted. The subjoined is from the London Spectator, wherein Kean's *Hamlet* had been greatly extolled. Hear the same critic's opinion of his Othello.

The cue was given by a scene-shifter turning aside the Adriatic, to make room for the "noble Moor" to enter with arms a-kimbo, for the display of his ample draperies,—picturesque and appropriate enough in themselves, had not the wearer reminded us by his manner of a stalking clothes-horse. This incidental diversion of the waves was an apt type of what followed; nature was set aside—the tide of passion dammed up and turned out of its channel at will—just as it suited the momentary purpose of the histrio. Othello compares his "bloody thoughts" to the "Pontic sea"

that "ne'er feels retiring ebb;" but his representative had the sanguinary flood so entirely under control that the New River-head seemed a more apt simile: he "turned on" his rage when it suited—though the effort cost him no inconsiderable exertion, and the force of the outburst reminded one of the rushing of water from "the main;" like the turncock, too, he had a plug ready to stop the effusion of wrath in a moment, and anon the stream dribbled along with the monotonous flow of the kennel's ordinary current.

Mr. C. KEAN affects the dignified superiority proper to *Othello* by speaking below his breath and seeming indifferent; presenting a still face like a mask—intended, we suppose, to conceal his emotion: in which he is but too successful, for if it were not for the occasional explosions that startle one like the report of "ginger-pop," there would be some danger of people mistaking it for apathy. To correct this notion, therefore, and likewise to excite our sympathy, he assumes a mournful tone, and an air of sad solemnity, as if, instead of being elated with his fair conquest, he were bearing up against some heavy calamity; he does not condescend to be gay and look cheerful even when he finds himself secure in possession of his bride, or to show any surprise at unexpectedly meeting his wife at Cyprus—enough for him to say, "it gives me wonder great as my content," without manifesting either. This larmoyante tone made the address to the Senate sound like the lugubrious appeal of a schoolboy begging off a flogging—only less animated.

Mr. Kean's voice, naturally monotonous, is made still more so by a sing-song delivery, and a tremulous utterance in passages intended to be pathetic; such, for instance, as the "Farewell" Apostrophe. In the delivery of this, and other similar passages, he throws back his head, turns up his eyes, and patting his brow with his tightened palm, whines out his woes in muffled tones and drawling accents, wreathing his mouth into a sickly smile of self-pitying fondness: the next moment he starts into a position, inflates his chest, and heaves his shoulders to get a good breath, and, springing at Iago like a tiger, roars out a threat at the very top of his voice, with vehemence enough to burst a blood-vessel; and then, flinging himself into an attitude, continues with legs astride, and outstretched arms, till the pit and the galleries are tired of applauding, and he has got breath, when he resumes with his wonted composure. This is a mere caricature of his father's mannerisms, wanting the genius that in the father redeemed those defects. The whole performance, in a word, is an exaggerated imitation of the elder Kean's style and reading of the character, without the soul of pathos and grandeur. When Iago says, "Beware, my lord, of jealousy!" young Kean makes round eyes and a round mouth to match, after the pattern of his father; and like him, he utters the words, "Not a jot, not a jot," with a humming sound and a snigger, winking his eyes the while,—a trick he constantly practices to express "emotion;" the exclamation "Blood! blood! Iago," he accompanies with an action of the hand, as if squeezing an imaginary sponge; and when he bellows out the vow, "If I do prove her haggard, though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings, I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind to prey at fortune," he gives a pantomimic illustration of the art of falconry. His excessive emphasis occasionally produces a ludicrous perversion of the sense: for example, the passage "I felt not Cassio's kisses on her lips," sounded like the rage of a man disappointed at not finding what he expected. Sometimes the actor makes Shakspeare appear to mean more than he himself thought he did; as where he directs Iago to

"Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:

Bring thou the master to the citadel:

as if there were other luggage at the creek, which was not to be got ashore, and the master were to be brought to the citadel in preference to some other place. Then, again, in order to make "a point," he rushed in between Cassio and Montano, knocking up their swords with his yataghan, and calling out, "Hold! for your lives," instead of allowing his presence to awe the combatants, and first inquiring, as in the text, "What is the matter here!" So in the scene where Iago awakens the jealousy of Othello, he makes his suspicions appear inflamed before Shakspeare intends them to be kindled; for, besides that Othello is "of a constant, loving, noble nature, and therefore unsuspecting, his pride will not allow him to recognize eagerly any thing that compromises his self-importance: at the first word of Iago, "Ha! I like not that," Mr. Kean appears to suspect something wrong; though the main purpose of this interview is to show the gradual approach of Iago's insinuations, and the almost wilful obtuseness of Othello—the word "jealousy" being the spark that fires the train.

But to discuss the bearings of a scene, or the metaphysics of a character, were beside the mark, in speaking of the performance of an actor who studies the play with reference to the "points" that may tell with the unreflecting part of the audience; and who relies for producing effect, not on spontaneous feeling, or on the unstudied comment of his expression of countenance, but on violent and unnatural transitions, sudden starts and contortions, shouting and stamping, beating the breast and tapping the forehead, and the manual exercise of melo-drama. To follow Mr. C. Kean through all his absurdities of speech, look, and gesture, would be tiresome indeed; this slight exposition of the mechanism of his mountebank tricks has grown too tedious already. To sum up the defects of his *Othello* in one sentence—it does not affect you; it neither moves pity nor grief: the last scene, indeed, would be shocking, as a cold-blooded murder, if it were not ludicrous.

Cooper's *Iago* was quite good enough for the *Othello*: conventional villany formally expressed and most carefully demonstrated for the benefit of dull perceptions, with a due proportion of false emphasis, were its characteristics. Of the rest of the performers we will say nothing; passing over the buffoonery of Mr. Brindal's *Roderigo* for the sake of his good intention; and keeping silent on the merits of Mr. Walter Lacy as *Cassio* out of compliment to his fair bride, erst Miss Taylor, who made her *début* as *Desdemona*. In offering the lady our greeting on this occasion, we are glad to be able to say thus much of her personation, that had the rest of the acting been as natural and lively as her rallying of Othello when she sues for Cassio, our account of the play would have been the opposite of what it is.

THE LATE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

The fate of this Lady has produced a wonderful sensation in England. Every paper we open contains some bitter remarks and most ominous hints touching the individuals supposed to have had any agency in originating or spreading the fatal calumny. It is evidently with great effort that the London Press refrains from indulging in the severest censure on the youthful Queen herself, and nothing but the exercise of the deepest feelings of loyalty, and the conduct of the Queen during the last days of the poor victim's life, could silence the expression of sentiments most fatal to the popularity and the character of the Sovereign.

That our readers may at once learn the extent of the excitement and all the circumstances of this mournful event, we have collected from various sources the following details which are submitted in place of any farther remarks of our own, as they will better express the sentiments of the English public.

Lady FLORA HASTINGS is dead. The broken-hearted victim of unfeeling detraction is delivered from her persecutors; but the recollection of her fate will not soon pass away. It will live with the memory of her virtues as long as the sufferings of innocence, hurried by calumny to an early grave, are remembered and regretted upon earth.

Great, indeed, were the sufferings of a sensitive nature, wounded to the quick by the shafts of malignant falsehood, aimed at the pure and unspotted reputation of one of the most amiable of her sex. Of mild, ingenuous, though somewhat reserved and retiring disposition, and with a heart overflowing with generous sensibilities, Lady FLORA was but ill qualified to struggle against the cruel malice by which her fame and feelings were assailed. Possessed of talents and accomplishments that would have graced a court, where there were noble natures that knew how to appreciate such qualities as adorned her, the very merits of a character so modest, so refined, so elevated, only provoked in the palace of her Sovereign, the envenomed assiduities of that malice which embittered her life and rendered death a deliverance.

It may be truly said of Lady FLORA HASTINGS,
"Her virtues
Were sanctified and holy traitors to her."

Had she been less gifted than she was with those qualities of mind and heart, which reflect more than the lustre of high birth upon exalted rank, the secret blow of that malevolence which destroyed her happiness and undermined her health, would not have struck her; but even in her fate her sufferings are avenged; there is gloom upon the palace, and mourning among the people; but the public sorrow is not unmingled with an indignant recollection of the cruel persecution which had led to this fatality.

We may hear of *post-mortem* examinations and of "organic diseases," but, whatever might have been the constitutional state of the sufferer, there can be no question that her death was hastened by the immediate wound of the poisoned arrow that destroyed her peace of mind,

"*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo,*"

though her character was invulnerable, her mind never recovered the agony of the struggle.

It is a circumstance worthy of being noted at the present time, that when the late Marquess of Hastings was on his death-bed at Malta, where nothing could exceed the filial devotion of Lady FLORA, he called his family around him, and, in bidding them a last farewell, spoke, among other things, of the pain he felt in leaving his children, then very young, to the trials which awaited them in a cold-hearted and calumnious world. It would almost seem as if the expressions which he used were dictated by a prophetic anticipation of the fate of one of the most beloved of those children, which has plunged his whole family into unutterable affliction. Little did the noble father of the future victim of courtly detraction think that in the palace of one of the royal descendants of the Sovereigns whom he so faithfully served, the blow could be struck that would inflict upon his family the desolating sense of peculiar bereavement.

But the fair sufferer sleeps well—afflicted virtue has found the repose which cannot be taken from her—let us pity her persecutors. The pangs of calumniated innocence are over—theirs have but begun.—*London Morning Herald*.

Last evening, at the express wish of the Marquess of Hastings, there was a *post-mortem* examination, in order to remove any erroneous impression as to the cause of her late ladyship's decease. Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Chambers, and Dr. Holland, were present. Sir Benjamin Brodie was the officiating surgeon.

We understand that her ladyship died from an enlargement of the liver, which, pressing downwards, produced an enlargement of the abdomen and internal inflammation.

From the above it will be perceived her ladyship was labouring under a disease that must eventually terminate fatally, but at the same time not the shadow of a doubt exists but that her ladyship's death was accelerated by the unfounded and disgraceful calumnies, originating in the palace of the Sovereign, against the virtue of an amiable and virtuous lady.

We are informed that the mortal remains of the deceased lady are to be removed from the palace on Thursday next, and will from thence be conveyed for interment in the family vault, at London. The Marquess of Hastings intends to accompany the remains of his sister to Scotland. It is the etiquette of the court that when any member of the household dies within the palace, that the body should be removed within 24 hours; but in this case that etiquette will be dispensed with.

The Dowager Marchioness of Hastings being in an infirm state of health at Loudon Castle, the intelligence of her daughter's death will, in all probability, aggravate her indisposition.—*Id.*

The *Standard*, while advising a "reverend silence as to late events," strangely violates, in the same article, its own advice, for the tail of the admonitory paragraph contains the following *stinging* allusions to some of the supposed actors in the tragedy.

We make no defence for the callous, dead-hearted sensualist, who wrote insulting letters, or for the unwomanly and mean-spirited members of the household who failed to correct what they must have known to be a cruel error; still less would we wish to avert public indignation from the party with whom the cruelty originated, or her supple assistant—*she has been spared too long*—spared until her arts have succeeded in relaxing the dearest ties of nature, and rendering her expulsion from the country, to which happily she does not belong, necessary for her royal mistress's happiness and honour.

Who the person herein alluded to, as "the party with whom the cruelty originated," may be, we know not, neither do we know who is meant by "her supple assistant," that "has been too long spared—spared until her arts have succeeded in relaxing the dearest ties of nature." But surely, while the arts of such persons, still connected with the court of our youthful QUEEN, are topics of public animadversion, the fate of Lady FLORA cannot be buried in oblivion, nor her name forgotten.

We have catalogued every-day occurrences in the Royal existence—rides, dinners, audiences, and visits to the Opera; but now comes the record of an event of graver character, which, taken in connection with attendant circumstances, casts a dark shadow on the young reign. Lady Flora Hastings has at length sunk under the double infliction of a diseased frame and a wounded spirit. This unfortunate lady expired soon after two o'clock, July 5th, at Buckingham Palace, in the presence of several members of her family. The Palace was closed during the day, by the Queen's command.

Her Majesty visited the sick chamber last week. No third person was present during the interview; but the *Morning Post* undertakes to say that "it cannot have failed to produce a permanent and salutary impression upon the mind and heart of that party who alone was likely to survive it long," and adds—

"We should commit a great sin against all that is kindly and generous in human nature were we to conclude this brief narrative without recording the words which fell from the lips of Lady Flora Hastings when she was first apprised that the Queen had expressed a desire to see her. 'Oh! I am so glad; I should like to show her Majesty that I entertain no rancour notwithstanding what has passed.'"—*Spectator*.

THE LATE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.—The utmost observance of respect is paid by her Majesty, as also the inferior inmates of the palace, to the remains of Lady Flora Hastings. Immediately after her Majesty had risen on Friday morning, she inquired in the most earnest manner after the situation of Lady Flora, and when the melancholy tidings of her death was announced, her Majesty's emotion at the lamentable event was intense. Though her Majesty is in the constant habit of going to the Opera House, especially on Saturday evening, she declined, and did not even take her usual airing.—*Ministerial Sunday Paper*.

In connexion with the mournful event, of which we have given the known particulars, another occurrence in the Duchess of Kent's household must be recorded. We mentioned last week that Lady Flora's voyage in the same steam-boat with Sir John Conroy is said to have given rise to the first slander against her honour. Sir John has since resigned his office as head of the Duchess of Kent's household, under circumstances which are thus narrated by the *Morning Post*—

An unfortunate estrangement, which on some occasions became but too palpable, having been perceived to subsist between her Royal Highness and one whose near and dear ties of relationship rendered such an estrangement particularly to be deprecated, some anxious inquiry was of course made into its foundation. Nothing distinct was discoverable upon the subject, beyond the fact that an honourable and gallant Baronet, who had been for many years at the head of her Royal Highness's household, was not personally agreeable to the Highest Personage in the realm.

This having come to the knowledge of the honourable and gallant Baronet, he considered that, whatever the personal sacrifice might be to himself, it was his duty to resign his office, in the hope of reconciling or mitigating differences of which he was alleged to be the only discoverable cause. He tendered his resignation to her Royal Highness; which was at first not accepted, her Royal Highness being unwilling that one with whose conduct she had no fault to find should be sacrificed to a feeling of dislike which she supposed to have been suggested to, rather than originally formed by, her Majesty. The honourable and gallant Baronet, however, being still of opinion that his duty was to resign, it was determined that her Royal Highness should ask the advice of the Duke of Wellington upon the point in question.

The Duke, after fully considering the circumstances brought before him, decided that it was desirable to remove any pretext for an estrangement, which was on every account lamentable; and since the honourable and gallant Baronet had offered to resign, he thought it better his resignation should be accepted. The Noble Duke, however, with his usual judgment and generosity, suggested that, while deciding in this way, he was so unwilling to leave in the power of any one to say that he had concurred in the imputations which had been cast upon the honourable and gallant Baronet, that he would write him a letter expressing the confidence which he felt in his honour and integrity, and the approbation with which he regarded his conduct both in serving her Royal Highness and in resigning that service. The letter was accordingly written by the Noble Duke, and is now in the possession of the honourable and gallant Baronet; whose resignation, in consequence of the Duke's advice, was accepted.

Enmity to Sir John Conroy could scarcely have been the real motive of those who assailed him. To annoy one of the parties between whom the "unfortunate estrangement" subsists, was the wish of persons who have industriously fomented the difference. The scheme of the parties alluded to has been hitherto successful: the feelings of the Duchess of Kent have

been deeply wounded, one member of her household has been banished, and another brought to an untimely grave.

While the fate that befel Lady FLORA HASTINGS in the court of the most civilised nation of Europe excites the deepest indignation of the public, advice is given in some quarters to abstain from all allusion to the subject, lest sympathy for the sufferer should be construed into party feeling against the wretched mockery of a government that controls the nation through the instrumentality of the bed chamber!

Among others, our conservative contemporary—the *Standard*, is seriously alarmed lest the calamitous event should be "profaned to party use." We confess we share not in that anxiety. We can easily understand why those who perpetrated the cruel wrong should wish the memory of it to be buried in oblivion, but cannot so easily comprehend why those who do not wish to screen their crime should be so anxious to throw over it the charity of silence. Is it because the barbarous injustice has been consummated by the death of the victim that the time has arrived when the silence of the press should be as hushed and deep as the silence of the grave? Must we be mute because malice has been triumphant, and exclaim

"Oh! breathe not her name, let it rest in the shade."

No. Her memory shall not be unhonoured while Englishmen have hearts to feel for persecuted female worth—nor soon shall her name be forgotten, nor her fate be unlamented.

The sufferer is in her shroud. She is beyond the malevolence of her enemies; but has justice been done on her persecutors? Has any one of those who dragged her name before the gaze of vulgar curiosity, and flung calumnious defilement on her maiden purity, received the just reward of his or her crime against feminine virtue or unspotted innocence, endured with that "sensitivity of honour that felt a stain as a wound?" Not one.

Who the offenders are we do not pretend to know, but that some one or more of them have been harboured in the palace of our honoured SOVEREIGN would appear from the correspondence which has been published as having taken place between the noble and afflicted mother of Lady FLORA and Lord MELBOURNE. The discourteous treatment which that afflicted mother experienced at the hands of the friable PREMIER excited the disgust of all humane and manly minds. The chivalrous MELBOURNE, who "will not desert his QUEEN," has qualities that would have made him cut a figure among BURKE's "nation of gallant men—a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers."—*Sun*.

COOPER'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

THE FATE OF "THE INTREPID."

The following passages from Cooper's History of the American Navy, comprise one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing in our language.

The American officers off the harbour of Tripoli are anxious to destroy the fleet of the Dey. A little vessel is prepared as a floating mine to be sent in the gloom of night and blown up close to the enemies' fleet. Thirteen intrepid men volunteer to guide her in—she sails.

The night was darker than usual, and the last that may be said to have been seen of the "Intrepid," was the shadowy forms of her canvass, as she steered slowly, but steady, into the obscurity, where the eyes of the many anxious spectators fancied they could still trace her dim outline, most probably after it had totally disappeared. This sinking into the gloom of night was no bad image of the impenetrable mystery that has veiled the subsequent proceedings of the gallant party on board her.

When the "Intrepid" was last seen by the naked eye, she was not a musket-shot from the mole, standing directly for the harbour. One officer on board the nearest vessel, the "Nautilus," is said, however to have never lost sight of her with a night-glass, but even he could distinguish no more than her dim proportions. There is a vague rumour that she touched on the rocks, but it does not appear to rest on sufficient authority to be entitled to absolute credit. To the last moment she appears to have been advancing. About this time the batteries began to fire. Their shot is said to have been directed towards every point where an enemy might be expected, and it is not improbable that some were aimed against the ketch.

The period between the time when the "Intrepid" was last seen, and that when most of those who watched without the rocks learned her fate, was not very long. This was an interval of intense, almost of breathless expectation, and it was interrupted only by the flashes and roar of the enemy's guns. Various reports exist of what those who gazed into the gloom beheld, or fancied they beheld; but one melancholy fact alone would seem to be beyond contradiction. A fierce and sudden light illuminated the panorama, a torrent of fire streamed upward, that in shape resembled the great eruption of Vesuvius as it has been described by Pliny, and a concussion followed that made the cruisers in the offing tremble from their truck to their keel. This sudden blaze of light was followed by a darkness of two-fold intensity, and the guns of the batteries became mute, as if annihilated. Numerous shells had been seen in the air, and some of them descended on the rocks, where they were heard to fall. Their fuses were burning, and a few exploded, but much the greater part were extinguished in the water. The mast, too, had risen perpendicularly, with its rigging and canvass blazing, but the descent veiled all in night.

So sudden and tremendous was the eruption, and so intense the darkness which succeeded, that it was not possible to ascertain the precise position of the ketch at the moment. In the glaring, but fleeting light, no person could say that he had noted more than one material circumstance, the fact that the "Intrepid" had not reached the point at which she aimed. The shells had not spread far, and those which fell on the rocks were so many proofs of this important truth. There was no other fact to indicate the precise spot where the ketch exploded. A few cries arose from the town, but the subsequent and deep silence that followed was more eloquent than any clamour. The whole of Tripoli was like a city of Toulon.

If every eye had been watchful previously to the explosion, every eye

